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NUMBER 39

FEBRUARY, 19BLOODY90

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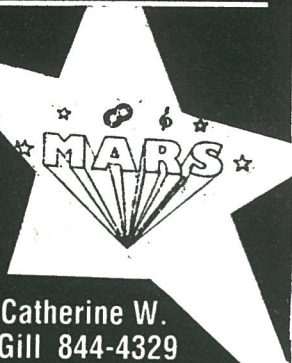
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27 From Florida **DEATH** with
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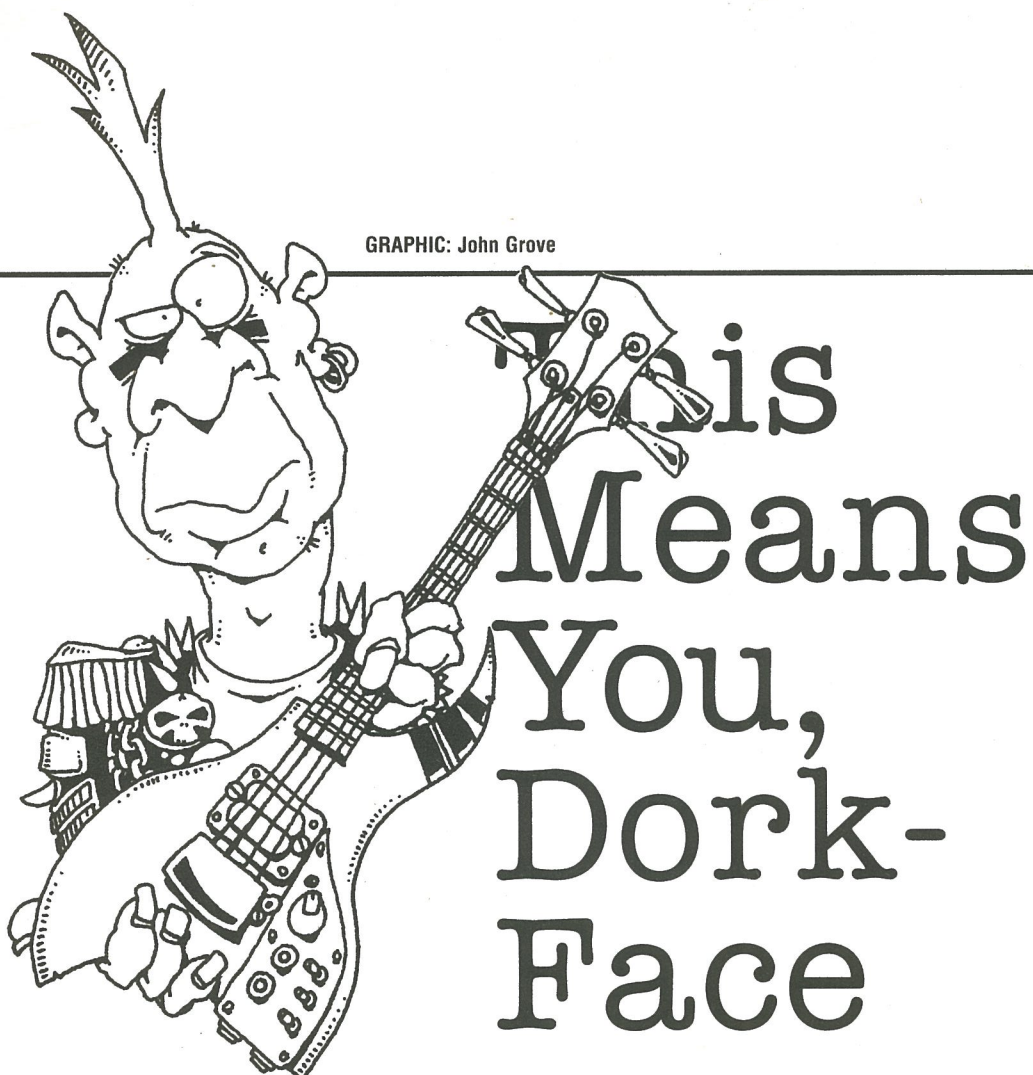
MARCH

3 **LEMONHEADS**



St-Laurent

GRAPHIC: John Grove



Just a couple of program notes this month...

First, I'd like to point out that we were around before the *Montreal Daily News* existed, we are around after it has been thrown on that great ugly pulp compost heap in the sky, and we had a larger circulation throughout their brief but sordid history.

Outside Montreal, the *News*'s demise is being presented as yet another blow to the anglophone Quebec community. Don't Believe It... let's face it, nobody cares. If anybody did, more people would have picked it up and we'd still have something to pick up and laugh at over lunch.

Not that we won't miss those insightful comments, all that Equality Party propaganda, the weather babe and all that sports coverage. The fact is, there were some really nice, cool folks working at the paper. They were just vastly outnumbered by the weenies...

Secondly, on the home front, I'd like to point out that 1) Yes, we missed our January issue (recovery from New Years taking longer than expected); 2) To make up for that fact, you should be reading this, our February issue, in late January. For the first time in our history we're not only not late, we're actually early. Thank-you, thank-you... don't expect it to happen again...

Thirdly, a clarification on *RearGarde*'s editorial policy. Again.

We've had several letters recently, and had several comments from bands to the effect that there is a lot of censorship going on here, and that I dictate what gets covered.

Wrong, bonzo-breath.

As a matter of fact, our editorial policy

has been getting more anarchistic as we get more contributors writing more articles. Nowadays, all we do is sit around in our luxurious NDG penthouse and wait for people to phone in and request interviews and concert reviews, which we then set up. I actually can't remember that last time I assigned anyone an interview. And we don't discourage interviews with indie bands, especially local ones. As a matter of fact, we encourage writers to feature smaller artists, but it's sometimes difficult to get people to talk to folks who are here all the time as opposed to just passing through. No urgency, I guess. Nevertheless, we have always featured smaller acts as prominently as touring mega-acts, and we'll continue to do so. Generally, if you're in a band and feel you're not getting enough coverage, it's probably because you haven't contacted us. When bands get a hold of us, we do our best to respond with anything from mentions in Banned Info, to reviews, to interviews.

And, just an aside to the Doughboys: Contrary to popular belief (in the band, at least), I don't hate the band. No, it's not my favourite Montreal act either, but I've got nothing against it... The reason we haven't had an interview in the last couple of years? Probably because our writers can never track the band down... Finally, is Home Taping Killing The Music Industry?

Well, no, I think the majors are doing quite well after pulling the greatest hoax of the corporate century with this CD thing. As a matter of fact, ever since they started making oodles of dough with CDs, you don't even hear a mention of the threat of home taping any more. However, home taping may be killing the

indie music industry...

Let's face it, cassettes seem to be the mode of choice in the scene today, probably because they're easier to store and playable on several different systems from home to car to walkman. And, let's be honest, a lot of home taping gets done because folks just don't have the cash to buy records, or just because it's easier. This really came home to me recently when I found that two out of three *RearGarde* writers had bootlegged our *On Garde* comp rather than buy it. Well, the majors probably won't notice a few bootlegged copies of the latest New Order or Siouxsie LP, but if you're bootlegging indies you're a certified jerk. See, most indie bands in Canada'll be happy to sell a couple of thousand records. The deals with the labels generally give the band a direct cash payment of between one and two dollars for each LP sold (depending on how much the label put in), or sometimes the entire profit'll go to the band if they financed the pressing. That means that every time you bootleg an indie, you're taking money directly from the band. And most bands aren't exactly rolling in cash. They'll be happy to break even with a record, or maybe make a small profit to go towards more recording. You get 500 people taping the latest thing, and you won't get much more stuff to tape. If you care enough about the band to bother taping it, then care enough about the music to go out and buy the record so the band can go and record some more. If you keep on taping, you're gonna cut your best source of Nu Muzik. This means you, dork-face.

Paul Gott



EN GARDE

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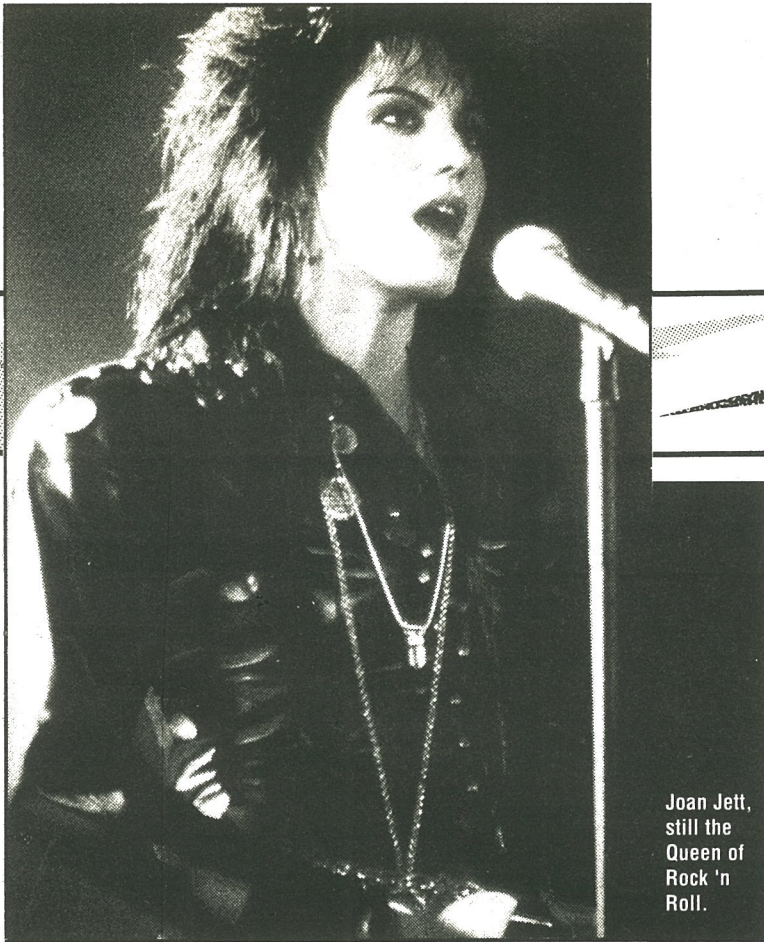
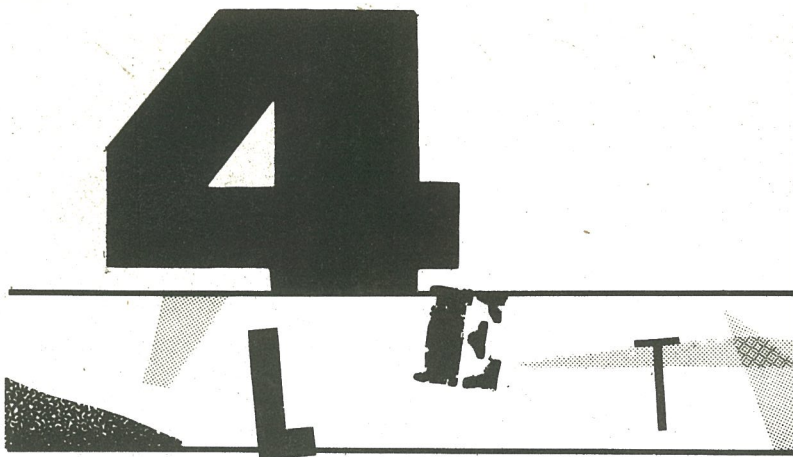
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RearGarde is funded by nobody but us, so send us lots of cash (and beer) thank-you. Ya know we're organized coz we got a Second class postage registration number: 8182.



Joan Jett, still the Queen of Rock 'n Roll.

It's a Joke!

To Zippy, and anyone else who took my "Everyone copies Blake Cheetah" comments at face value:

I was a bit surprised that anyone would have taken this seriously; I suppose it doesn't matter if you believe me or not, but it was intended as a JOKE, fer crying out loud! HA HA HA! But yes, some of my reviews have ended up as pale CheetahSpeak imitations. Shit happens. So there,

To Zippy in particular:

You're right. I'm self-indulgent as hell. But isn't that part of the reason why people create and contribute to fanzines in the first place? Besides, self-indulgence is a lot of fun, you oughta try it sometime.

To Tribe, whose NMF performance review should be showing up in this issue:

I'm afraid I've been a bit overly critical in respect to my comments on musical tightness. I've been trying to get a band going for the past month and, well, let's just say I now have a bit more insight into the struggle of simply holding a song together (argh argh argh argh osti tabarnac ...). Really, you put on a fine show, though I still think that your new singer is trying too hard.

Dave McIntyre,
the ego that ate Cleveland

Not So Jerky

Dear Ed (could this be your real name and "Paul Gott" your stage name?),

Once again I seek a treasure... forgiveness (gasp!). It seems I was a bit too nasty the last time I wrote to you. You have to understand that in a city which has only posters to inform you about what's happening, the source that keeps everyone up-to-date on "What's going on?" in the alternative music scene becomes very important and needed. Okay, I was a bit pissed off 'cause a few concerts that I would have wanted to see, had already been played. Instead of directing the anger more effectively, I took it out on the paper I love. Please forgive me (except for the comment about T.O.).

But now I hear that maybe (yes, rumours still get around) you're going to close up shop. Many times in the past these same rumours have floated around but you have always stuck to your guns and persisted. For that I think you deserve a round of applause. You really showed this city that yes, there does exist an underground culture. Without RearGarde, a Free paper, the scene would have completely died. Government funding (very little), advertisers (little support), burden of costs (you don't charge anything), it all adds up to no money to keep going.

You will be missed, there may never be another 'zine like you. I remember the first issue I got my hands on. There were interviews with DOA, SCUM, 999 and record reviews of *It Came From The Pit* and *It Came From Canada*. Since then, I've been a devoted reader like many who took the time to pick up their first issue. And now we're coming to the end of an Era. Good luck in your future projects (like your band, which ain't half bad) and thanks (I mean it, even if you praise Joan Jett a bit too much) for making RearGarde the 'zine of my young and snotty years. You did make a difference.

Don't be humble, Say Something.

Your friend,

Indiana Jerk

P.S. To all involved in the paper, THANKS.

(What? Humble? Me?... Hey, all's forgiven. Sometimes—quite often—I too write things that don't come out quite right and I regret afterwards. As for the future of RearGarde, we ain't dead yet. There'll be a February issue, and then we'll see if there's enough support in the scene to keep going. In any case, your comments are really

appreciated. It's nice to get some support instead of the normal moaning and complaining. As for Joan Jett, how can anyone possibly praise the Queen Of Rock 'n Roll too much?—ed.)

Gutless Turds

Dear RearGarde,

First of all I would like to say that I enjoy the mag as a whole but you guys are gutless turds. I thought your paper was one where one could read and write in about issues they feel strongly about without fear of reprisal, all you had to be able to do was justify your position.

Boy was I wrong! You totally omitted my previous letter to you. Were you scared of reprisal from Foufounes? I didn't know Foufounes Electriques owned RearGarde! I know my letter slagged their ticket prices but you must admit, they are high!

When I would mention to people that my letter wasn't published they all said "Well, of course it wasn't! You slagged Foufounes!" Definitely a no-no for RearGarde to do. Oh, don't worry I'm still just as much a putz by still going to the place to see shows, but at least I bow my head in shame for allowing them to exploit the scene for its money. I was hoping RearGarde might have allowed me to say what I thought publicly to see if some people out there actually agree with me. I'm sure some people do, because some people have told me so.

I know RearGarde and Foufounes both think they support the scene, but one is doing their job better than the other. At least RearGarde is free! But still I would pay money to read it. Not much, mind you, if I still want to afford to go to shows at Foufounes.

Not that Foufounes is all bad, 'cause it isn't. I just tend to believe that paying \$10 or more to see a band for 40 minutes is not cool. It's not even good business, if you'd like to try another perspective. I know downtown space must be hell to rent or, if it's owned, hell for taxes and there's wages and stock and repairs and improvements to consider, but I still think \$8 for any show other than a local show is a lot of money.

I thought Foufounes was supposed to be offering an alternative, but it's as bad as the people in line at the Metropolis. It makes me want to scream to think I'm thought of as a dollar sign and not an individual. I hope it does it to you too.

Keep up the good writing, but don't be afraid to speak your mind. About anything! Bugs & fishes,

Mr. Nick

(Gutless turds, eh? Gutless Turds!?! Oh yeah, refrigerator face! Actually, the reason we didn't print your first letter was because I can't remember ever seeing it. Perhaps Canada Post absconded with it or perhaps—an equally distinct possibility—it got lost somewhere in our huge and extremely organized filing system.

As for this letter, I think it might have done more good to take this up with Foufounes than us. Myself, I have mixed emotions on this subject. Of course I don't like high ticket prices, but having produced shows myself I know how risky it is and how ticket prices often just reflect what the bands themselves are asking to be paid. So Fugazi manages to play across the continent for \$5 because they ask for small amounts of cash to play while some touring bands such as Sonic Youth or Ministry ask \$5000, \$10,000 or more to play.

I also remember the legendary Golden Days Of The Scene that everyone keeps referring to (the early 80's) before Foufounes started booking and when we'd be lucky to get decent touring bands in the city a couple of times a month as venues opened and closed on a regular basis. Sure, the club probably makes a killing on some shows, but they also take some chances and

put on a lot of lesser-known artists to some dismal turn-outs.

I don't want to be an apologist for the club, but not everyone can exist on a volunteer staff and a non-profit basis. Foufounes is supposed to make money, and they charge what they think you'll pay. Generally, they seem to get things pretty accurate.

I tend to get more pissed off at people who'll support Big Boring U.S. acts by paying ten or twenty bucks, but who won't go and see cheaper (and generally better) smaller indie bands or local shows. Or who don't bother with live bands who play at the many other (usually smaller, cheaper, but Less Cool) venues around town.

If you're serious about your criticisms then maybe you should look into finding a space where Punk/Hardcore shows could be put on cheaply on a regular basis. That's something the Montreal scene is sorely lacking—ed.)

Tanx

To the happy people at RearGarde,

I love your magazine and all that shit, but this has to do with business outside the zine.

A bunch of us (United Drunks of Stanley) did this Dance Party '89. It was a Grand success, but it wouldn't have been if it wasn't for the help of all the people who volunteered that night. The staff DJ's, under trying conditions, did an amazing job. I just want to say thanks to those who helped out. I mean it really... we blew the people away.

Thanks,

Domenic

P.S. We may do it again.

Cheetah Who?

Dear RearGarde,

I'm just writing to bring something, that you seem to have forgotten, to your attention. In your October issue (#37) you had (on the front cover) *Cheetah Chrome Tales*. Well, having been a fan of the *Dead Boys* for many many years and knowing of the band members' disappearances (except, of course, Stiv Bators) I can tell you that I was quite anxious to see what Cheetah was up to.

It turns out that an article on dear Mr. Chrome was nowhere to be found anywhere in your beloved magazine (fanzine). The closest connection was the article on or by Blake Cheetah. My only question is: "What the fuck does this Blake Cheetah dude have to do with Cheetah Chrome." Wait a minute... unless (and it just may be possible) Blake Cheetah really is Cheetah Chrome. Nah...

Anyways, I met Cheetah Chrome recently when his band *Shotgun Rationale* played in Montreal twice and, silly me, I completely forgot to bring this matter to his attention. You know, I'm almost positive that Cheetah would have been honoured to have been confused with Blake.

Stephanie Masson

(I'm not so sure. Actually, the Cheetah Chrome thing on the cover was kind of a joke because Blake did a 'Road Gore' story and we thought "road" = "car" = "chrome". I'd lost track of Cheetah Chrome after his band the Motherfuckers moved to Italy in the early 80's and didn't expect him to come around town with a new band just after we did the Blake thing.

I, too, would have loved to have talked to the guy and put an interview in the mag, but didn't realize he was in Shotgun Rationale until after they'd left town. As has been asked many times before, 'What do I know anyways?'

As for any confusion between Mr. Chrome and Blake, there should be none. Not only does Chrome have a much cooler (chrome-dome) haircut, but when the Dead Boys were happening, Blake was busy at his old job selling cigarettes in a transvestite dominoe parlour in south-western Albania—ed.)

Short Changed

(this letter was edited for length)

Dear RearGarde,

All right! Hey, what's the deal?

First of all, I think I should point out that I just moved to Montreal from New Brunswick and that I like Montreal very much. But! What's the deal?!

I went to see MDC on Saturday, October 21 at Foufounes Electriques for \$10. Now I don't mind paying \$10 to see bands, especially popular bands like MDC. And it was a good show. But!... MDC were only allowed to play for forty minutes. Hazy Azure played for that long! (No offense to Hazy Azure, but I really did go to see MDC).

Now I realize Marianne Faithfull was playing that night and that MDC's matinee was probably going to be shortened... but 40 minutes?! C'mon Foufounes, what or who would it have possibly hurt to allow MDC to play the one or two songs more that they wanted to play and that the crowd wanted to hear?

Just before I moved here MDC were scheduled to play in N.B. on September 7—it fell through due to problems with MDC's bass player—but we had it all budgeted out and our ticket prices were to be \$8! We don't even have close the turnouts in N.B. compared to those in Montreal. Foufounes doesn't have to pay rental fees the size of ours either, especially for the P.A.

I have done many shows in N.B. but never had a ticket price of more than \$10, and that was held in a hall that cost \$700 a day because that was all we could get. None of the headline bands from anywhere played for less than an hour and fifteen minutes, some as long as two hours or more. So why is Montreal so different? I thought it was an isolated incident, but it happened again at Frontline Assembly on October 24.

My roommate, who is from T.O., says it's the standard and that if I write this letter I'll look like a hick from New Brunswick who knows sweet fuck all about Big City Scenes,

but I don't care. Give me back my shitty, tiny, with-too-few-shows in the Maritimes anyway. At least I never had a doubt in my mind when I went to a show out east that I was going to get my money's worth and sometimes more.

Thanks for telling me I don't know anything in advance while reading my letter. Just ask any of the bands that have travelled out east and played. I'm sure they'll tell you it may not have been 10 ft. stages with private dressing rooms and fluff chicks, but the crowds were really receptive and appreciate the extra effort it takes to go there. And no bands ever got ripped off.

Also, thanks to those who have been so nice to me since I moved here (Rise guys, Andy, Simon, Theo, Lizard dudes, Stratejackets, Francisco).

Take care all,

Mr. Nick

(Again, I'd just like to refer you to the similar letter and editorial response above. I feel very uncomfortable being put in a position where I have to defend Foufounes seeing as I don't work there, I don't have all the facts, and I don't think they're perfect, either. But I don't really expect any club to be perfect. I'd also like to point out that bands charge different amounts in different areas, depending on what they think the market could bear. If people pay the prices, the bands and clubs'll keep charging them.

As for specific complaints like length of playing time—an irritant for me as well—take it up with the club. In the 'alternative scene' where people are supposed to get involved and make a difference, it seems to me that a lot of people complain (to the wrong venue) and don't do anything to change things. You are the Foufounes market. If you want to change things, let them know. But at the same time be careful, or they might just decide that they want to cater to a different, easier to deal with market.

By the way, what the Hell's a "fluff chick"?—ed.)

Review Sucks

Dear RearGarde,

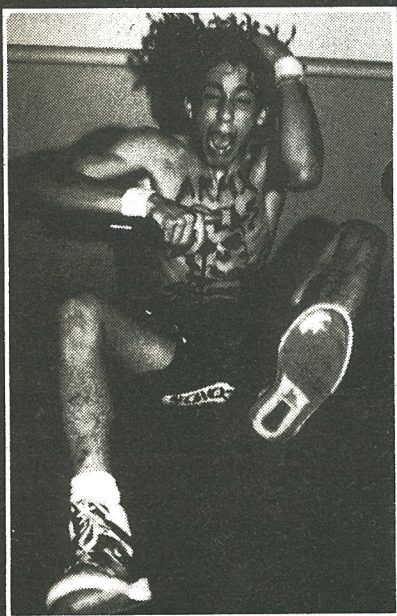
Regarding Bruce Lam's review of *John Drake Escapes* (note the correct spelling) and *Scott B. Sympathy* at the Black Cat club, Oct. 13th: As a member of *Grinch*, I would like to make a few corrections about who and what *Grinch* are, just for the record. We are not *Varis Tumbley* and have nothing to do with what they were, the only exception being that our lead guitarist, Pete, had played with them in the short time that they were in existence.

Secondly, John Drakes Escapes' bassist, Jennifer Lewis, does gigs with *Snowdogs* (again, please note the correct spelling), but is not a member of *Grinch*. Bass duties are taken care of by Chris Lindstrom, who definitely has no resemblance to Jennifer, whatsoever.

Aside from the excessive amount of name dropping in this review, I still can't tell whether the show itself was good, bad, or just an o.k. night out. A scarey review indeed.

Louise K.
Grinch Guitarist/Vocalist

(We got several letters about this review. I too must say that I didn't get a heckuvalot out of it, not knowing any of the bands. We always just figure it's better to circulate a band's name than not to print an article. Just an aside to Joe Wasson: No, we don't print your "Truth" when it includes unsubstantiated, slanderous comments about an individual that we can't verify. We accept the normal two or three threats to sue us every month—invariably from Toronto—when it involves comments in the context of an article or in the humorous context of a column, but not just to satisfy your ego. Love ya—ed.)



Harsh Reality in happier days.
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Capital Core

by Shawn Scallen

Ch... Ch... Changes Dept.: Pankreasse, Ottawa's only french speaking/singing 'ardcore band have a new bassist as well as a change in sound says vocalist Mike. He says they're not as hardcore anymore. Reggae and other influences have infiltrated their metallic thrash.

Ch. Ch. Changes Too: Harsh Reality has reformed, after vowing that the Fugazi gig was their last. Lead vocalist Brian has "hipped out" leaving the band to start Goosebumps Galore. The other four members are going at it alone while working in a new singer.

More Of The Same: Dead Babies were a band. Then weren't. Now they are again. I think.

No Qualms Dept.: QUAM (a four letter word for change) is a new band based out of Carleton University. I've heard their demo. They're aggressive. They're experimental. They're much better than Cats. Their debut took place in Belleville (two of the members' home town) Dec. 29th. They open for C.O.C. in January at Carleton.

Running Amok Dept.: Furnace Face (minus guitarist Pat) played at Zaphod's as Furniture Face. Pat gets back in the new year. Coincidentally that's when their album comes out on Amok. A North-American tour (Canada and Minneapolis) follows shortly.

Unleashed: The Trapt are finally getting their 4-song 7-inch and themselves out of town. The single's at Dutchys for sure. Maybe at the Peddler. (See "Singles Only" column for info.) They opened for Birth Defects at Fougounes on January 4th. They have a 14-track album in the works, which should be out in time for Christmas...1991.

Not A NoMeansNo Cover Band Dept.: From somewhere in the Ottawa Valley west of Kanata (and I thought there was nothing west of Kanata) 5 Guys Named Bob almost have their shit together. They're currently looking for Bob#4 to play bass.

Youth, Youth, Youth: Improv Youth, a new band started by Brad from Harsh Reality. Status is questionable, living the improv part to the fullest.

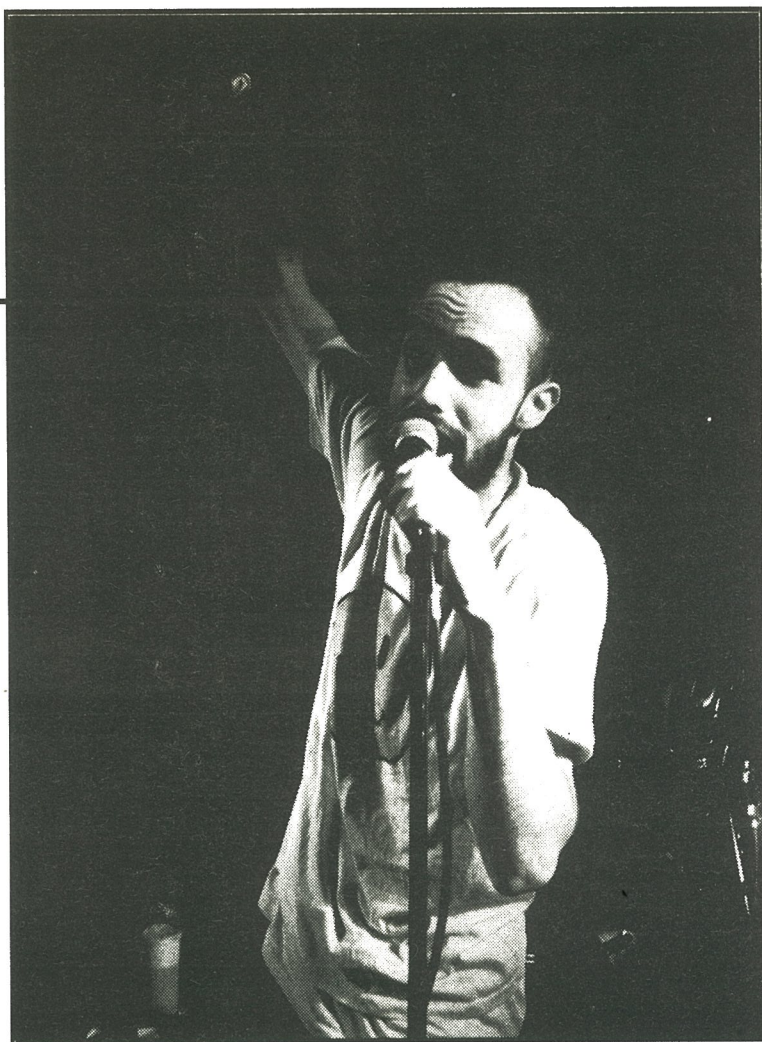
Around The Dial: Squelch is yet another new band. The name's perfect as all five bandmembers can be heard on the alternative airwaves in town. Carol, Nicole, Mike and Mick (ex of the Randy Peters from way back when they were good) do the CKCU-FM thing. Glenn's a CFUO guy. Once they get a demo together it'll be tough getting airplay.

Touch Me I'm Sick: Dr. Sicky, a three piece from across the river, jump everywhere, make funny faces and throw toilet paper live, says lead vox/axe Dr. Fred Rojo Sicky. "You'll laugh at us when you see us," says their ink on foolscap press release, "We'll be acting just like a bunch of clowns." You can witness the phenomenon January 27th at the all-local punkfest. Their demo tape only has four songs, apparently Dr. Sicky and his brother Dr. Esteban's mom was complaining about the noise.

Two more new bands to watch out for—Black Traingle (a Cr@ss influenced band) and Controlled Ch@os (featuring the unholy union of aggressive stop and go hardcore and aggressive speedmetal).

Gigs to watch out for: An all-local "revive the scene" gig features Harsh Reality, Pankreasse, Dr. Sicky and Dead Babies at Sandy Hill Community Centre on the 27th. Boston's Jones Very and Montreal's Rise headline at Sandy Hill on Feb. 9th.

This edition of Capital Core is dedicated to two long time scene members who passed away in December. Oliver Davies who used to drum for Neanderthal Sponge, helped out at One Step Beyond and started the annual two-day Amnesty benefit weekend three years ago, died of a heart attack. Jordy Kiefl (a.k.a. Jordy Fuck) was hit by a drunk driver. Criminal charges are underway. You could always find Jordy climbing up, sitting on top, or diving off of the speaker stacks at local punk shows. Both will be missed.



Bliss waves bye-bye.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Okay, so we try to come up with themes for Banned Info, no matter how inane or misleading they may be. Well, this time around, the theme is (gulp!) break-ups. Or, more accurately (tho' accuracy ain't exactly the point here), split-ups and mix-ups.

It's Gruesome News Department: I'm afraid so. Montreal's Fab Five are having their problems. But, have they broken up or haven't they?

"Well, we've broken up for now," says drummer John. "John Davis left the band on New Years Day and Al left on the ninth to go to school in California in some sort of recording course or something."

Strangely enough, this break-up has caused a reunion at the same time.

"Because we still had contracts to do some shows, we got the most natural replacement in the world—Jerry is coming back for a couple of dates in London and Ottawa," says John. "It's okay for him to play weekend gigs because he can still go to school, which was why he left in the first place."

The band will still be in existence for Montreal shows and the occasional weekend outing to southern Ontario, but they're scaling down their activities so they can pass some courses and make some cash.

"Everyone suddenly got jobs. Actually, having a minimum wage job full-time pays a lot more than being in a band," says John. "Hey! I'm going to be rich... But, seriously, the Gruesomes as a band that records and does big tours is a thing of the past. As a band that does an occasional show, it's still on, but not for a while."

It's Hardly Blissful News Department: Yep, lead singer Iain and the rest of the Bliss-ers have gone their separate ways, and the future of everyone concerned is kinda in doubt.

"All I know is that we've had a parting of the ways because... I don't know, different head spaces, I guess," says Iain. "I'm not sure what I'm going to be doing. Right now, I'm looking into retirement homes. And, no, there isn't a Fail-Safe reunion in the works."

Now, who asked that? Moi?

Mike, Colin and Sylvain are staying together as a unit: "We're looking for a

new singer. There's a possibility that we might be joined by Derek from Fumblekin," says Mike. "Iain's leaving the band means we have to go through a re-evaluation period, but we still consider ourselves to be the same band, playing the same music."

Which brings up an interesting question: Is there still a 'Bliss'?

"We're the same outfit and we'd like to keep the same identity, but we're not positive we'll keep the name," says Mike.

As for Iain, he ain't using it, and wants the band stop using it, too: "Well, seeing as I started the band, and brought in the name, now that I've left I've asked them to drop it," he says.

Yo, guys, personally I don't know what all the fuss is about. I mean, I always thought the name was a little top-fortyish to begin with. I think the guys should change their name to something Cooler. Like, a name with



BANNED INFO

an 'X' or a 'Z' in it or something...

Now, About That Asexuals Break-up Rumour Department: Honest, we didn't start this one. But heck, we're even hearing it from folks in Ottawa and Toronto.

So, is it true? Well, no. At least we don't think so.

You see, nowadays when we want information about the band, we just have to open the door of the *RearGarde* apartment complex and Blake Cheeta's usually there smoking a cigarette and torturing the neighbour's cat with illicitly-gained surgical supplies. Con-

CKUT NEEDS YOU!

or some of your cash, anyways

Okay, it's time to open those pocketbooks (or rifle through the inside pockets of your leather jacket) once again. After putting down some cash for the *En Garde* comp, you could put down a little more for Montreal's indie FM station.

CKUT is going on a funding drive March 15 to 25 and they need your support.

"We're trying to raise 25,000 smackers," says CKUT Station Manager, Nadine. "Hopefully it would go towards moving us into a new space that would allow us to do some pretty wonderful things with programming because we wouldn't be tripping over each other all the time."

Part of the funding drive will see 10 or more live shows being put together by various different radio programs, starting on January 27 with a dance party featuring local DJs at the McGill Ballroom. Also planned are a Blues night at Bar G-Sharp and a Metal/hardcore night at Fougounes.

"We figure it'll help raise money, and help raise awareness of different shows at the same time," says Nadine. "Though whatever silly gimmicks we can come up with to promote the station, we'll use 'em."

While the station has a budget of \$180,000 a year, the added cash will allow for unplanned changes.

"Anyone who's been to the station knows how overcrowded we are," says Nadine. "And all this growth has happened in only two years. We're still growing. Even if we don't move our location, we'll have to make some big physical changes to the offices."

And to do that, they need your support. Thast's March 15 to 25. Get those checkbooks ready...

**14 MONTREAL BANDS
PRESENTED BY REARGARDE
AVAILABLE AT COOL STORES**

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a woman, likely a musician, wearing a dark hooded garment and a light-colored jacket. She is holding a microphone to her mouth and playing a bass guitar. The image is heavily stylized with dramatic lighting.

PHOTO: Twilight

PHOTO: Rockin' Rina

Speaking of Jerry Jerry Department: The band's line-up is still solid—"We don't change members That often," says Jerry—and they're planning a cross-Canada tour in the upcoming months.

"We already have some shows booked out West," says Jerry. "We're going across Canada and then, depending on how much money we make, we'll go down to L.A. and maybe New York and try and sell ourselves... see if anybody's buying."



The Gruesomes in more care-free days.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Rather than recording new material, Jerry's trying to market his already-released material outside the country.

"We're putting together *Road Gore* (the first album) as a demo for the U.S. and Europe, and we'd like to do the same with *Battle Hymn*," says Jerry. "So here's a public message for Bill Varvaris (of Pipeline Records): Bill, if you're out there, give me a call. We'd like the tape. Thank-you."

No problem. Any last words for your fans, Jerry?

"Yeah. Working out is great. It's great to feel good, and I should know because I fell off the work-out wagon for about six weeks over an extended Christmas-New Years holiday," he says. "My New Years message is for everyone I know to phone me coz I've got a lot to talk about. Especially Bill Varvaris."

Break-up? We Broke Up?
Department: The lack of adoring fans and smelly back rooms hasn't caught up to Gerard (ex) of *Deja Voodoo* yet.

"Well, we never used to practice anyways. When I'm not on the road, being in Voodoo and not being in Voodoo is pretty much the same thing," he says. "And, no, we don't have any reunions planned."

Without the band, Gerard and Tony have turned their attention to OG Music.

"I'm happy to report that all the records we've been talking about for months and months are finally out," says Gerard. This includes Voodoo live in Finland, the *Vindicators* mini LP, and the *Bagg Team* album. "There's also rumours of a *Dik Van Dykes* single, but if we can avoid releasing records in February and March, we will. We've learned from hard experience that nothing sells after Christmas."

Stuff Stuff Stuff Department:
We're putting together a source list for indie bands. If you're involved in anything that'll help indie bands anywhere in Canada—clubs, promoters, fanzines, record stores, studios, sticker manufacturers, van rental, Anything—please send name, address, phone number, and a brief description of what you do, to us c/o this mag...

The *Hodads* have a new video out. For their tune *Routine*, it's a damned professional production and's on regular rotation at MusiquePlus (and maybe one of those anglophone stations, too, but I wouldn't know—I got Videotron). They did it with the help of one of them Factor grants. Theyz also going into a Big Studio with yet another grant. The moral: Yo, bands, ask for that gov't dough!...

Ripcordz are changing drummers once again. Phil's leaving the band for (believe it or not) his studies after their upcoming show at the McGill Ballroom with *Me Mom Etc.* and the *Elementals*. Meantime, the band has just recorded seven new tunes in preparation for a second LP...

Toronto's Amok Records, whose releases included LPs from Montreal's *Condition* and *Weather Permitting*, has stopped releasing new albums. The reason: Slow sales, reflecting a general downturn in sales of indie records...



Simply Saucer.

Gods Of The Hammer

By B.F. "Mole" Mowat

...Crimson Jimson are busy with pre-production work on their 4-track EP tentatively due out in early '90...

...Tom Wilson (late of the Florida Razors) has just returned from a writing and recording sabbatical in New Orleans to resume his position as talent booker for the Gown & Gavel. Tom is currently playing with Kim Deschamps (Cowboy Junkies—pedal steel), Rick "Rock God" Miles (bass) and Ray Ferrugia (drums). Tom also wrote some lyrics for a new Daniel Lanois composition...

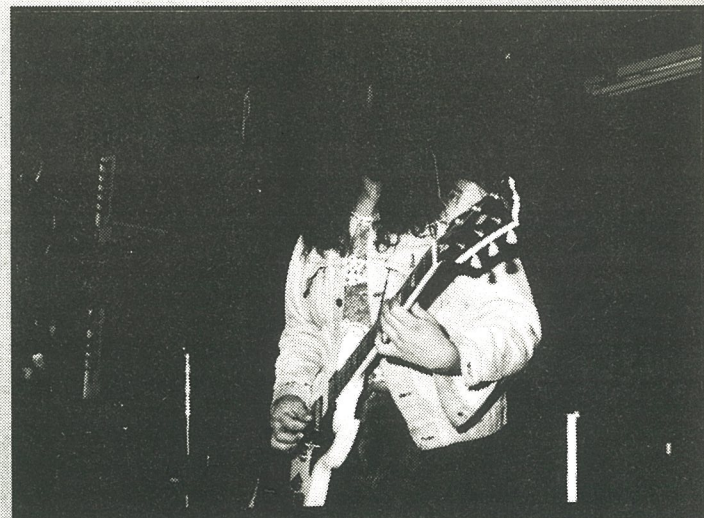
...The Hated Uncles have expanded to a quartet with the addition of John Battaglia. Fascinating fact: November 11 marks the birthday of both Daniel Ortega and John Harvey...

...A new addition to the Hammer scene is an oddball duo who go by the name of Boy Allies, comprised of John Mathieson (vocals) and Terry Kinsella (guitar and bro' to the Uncles' John K.). They are currently toting around a 3-6 song demo tape (versions vary, so ask). I prefer the 6 song version, if only because it included the sublimely idiotic *Happy Cat* song. On initial listening, the group sounds like they may have picked up their cue from the H.U.'s (re: weird lyrics/poetry touches, duo line-up) but Terry's guitar playing ssets them apart as a distinct item. Imagine a theoretical hybrid of Adrian Belew (Talking Heads, King Crimson) with the late Philip Lithman (Snakefinger) if said hybrid was played under six feet of heavily chlorinated water...

...Bob Bryden, always one of the more collectable people on the local scene, is apparently putting out another investment piece... I mean record. It is produced by Michael Guild (Age of Mirrors) who claims that this record will "silence all Bryden detractors". Right on Mike... all six of them...

...Another relatively new combo that is making the rounds is Simon and The Chalk Drawings, who have been steadily honing their skills into a somewhat consistent paste over the last couple of months. The group draws upon a weird (well to me, anyway) mix of U.S. folk-rock (hey, hey) and U.K. goth, but when they're ON, they manage to stick your head into a very comfortable womb of sound. They can also muster up side-orders of wah-sustained guitar (best exemplified by the guitar solo on side 2, cut 1 of the *Notorious Byrd Bros.*, which when used correctly is very pleasant to these ears...

...Don't forget to buy the new Simply Saucer LP *Cyborgs Revisited*. It is a limited edition pressing of 1,000 copies. This Mole Sound Recording (catalog number...release is available in finer music stores that carry Canadian independent releases.)...



Uncle Sam.

PHOTO: Johnny Jazz Anderson

The Big Show in T.O.

by David James

Congratulations are in order for Herb Becker for pulling the sleazeball event of the year at the El Mocambo on December 3rd. See, every time the *Rolling Stones* are in town there are rumours that they will play the Elmo (they recorded the *Love You Live* album there). Accordingly, Becker, seeing dollar signs, spread rumours to the effect that the Stones would indeed be coming to the Elmo and they would be joined by *Kim Mitchell*, *Billy Newton Davis*, *Glass Tiger* and *Look People*. The whole event was billed as a Blues Jam and tickets were sold at \$25 a pop.

The only problem being of course that none of these bands were in fact playing. No problem to Becker, he simply booked a couple of local bands like *Bourbon Tabernacle Choir* and *Crush Opera* and watched the money roll in.

However, sheriffs moved in and closed the Elmo down so Becker simply moved his dog and pony show over to the *Marquee Club* where the whole mess crawled to its sorry end with the unfortunate bands being booed off stage by the even more unfortunate (and poorer) audience. Becker was unrepentant, claiming that \$25 was the normal price to see a collection of demoralized, unsigned local bands.

Meanwhile the continuing saga of *Zap City*, the band with more personnel changes than the *Mormon Tabernacle Choir* drags on. That's right, they've lost yet another singer and the others are rumoured to be splitting up as well. However there's another rumour, started by me, that they're playing together until every resident of Yonge street has had a turn on the mike.

Rather more surprising is the sudden breakup of the *Plastercine Replacas*. Here was a band that seemed to be going places: They had a successful LP out, a video in rotation at *MuchMusic*, a fair sized audience, critical acceptance and major label interest. I guess they couldn't bear to face the 90's.

Uncle Sam may have to start putting a revolving door on their rehearsal space, they've just ejected another drummer (their 3rd). You know it's getting so that you can't tell the players without a scorecard and I'm having a tough time keeping track, maybe I should get a computer or something. Anyway, the Samsters finished their long delayed album and it should be there any day now, no really I mean it this time, honest injun, any day now.

KC from Blackglama has been down in L.A. charming the locals, hanging out getting a tan and stuff, ah it's a hard life. Incidentally *Blackglama* have also replaced their drummer. I understand that *Whipping Post* are now minus a bassist as well.

New Stuff Dept: *Breeding Ground*, alias Toronto's laziest band, have finally got around to following up their last LP and it only took them three years to do it. New stuff as well from the *Forgotten Rebels*, *Chalk Circle*, *Neo A4*, *Absolute Whores*. Two, count 'em, two tapes from *Cottage Industry* and 45's from the *Glory Chain* and *Touchstones*. The 'stones are also working on a video as are the *Nevermen*. Ta.

Speaking of indie records, Buy The *En Garde* comp. Why? 1) It's got 14 great Montreal bands on it. 2) We need your money.

Thank-you and good-night.

As always, this shuff was compiled by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the *RearGarde* wired services. If you want to send us presents or propaganda, drop 'em in the mail c/o *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. Or phone (514) 483-5372, and leave a message.

A Big OOPS...

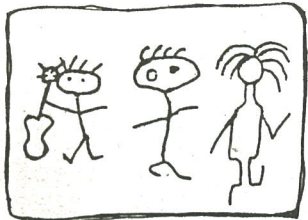
Okay, we screwed up last ish and mislabelled a couple of articles from our Toronto contributors.

Bruce Lam wrote and took pictures for the Third Man In interview.

Anita Buehrle wrote the article on The Flaming Lips.

Our sincere apologies to both fine folks.

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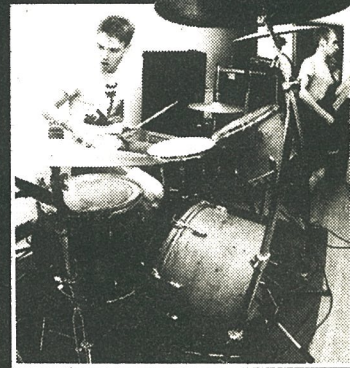
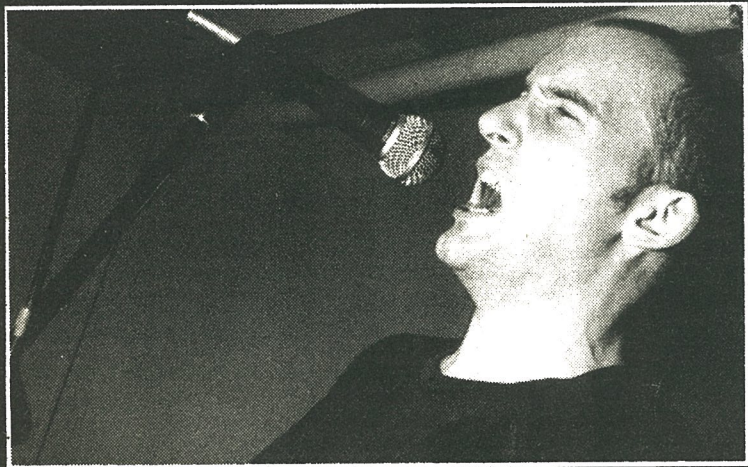
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PHOTO: (1,3) Shawn Scallen; (2,4) DAG



FUGAZI

Boy did Montreal miss out! Fugazi put on the hottest, most intense, near religious experience of the year in a crowded, sweaty community centre basement in Ottawa. Their hour-long set ranks as number one on my Top 5 things of the year.

Not only does Fugazi rock, Joe, Brendan, Guy and Ian are the coolest guys in the world, judging them as people alone. This is a snippet of a half hour I spent in the studio at CKCU-FM with Guy and Ian prior to their Canadian debut.

RearGarde: I just wanted to get you guys to talk about this whole grass roots level that you're touring on. I guess it's not as grass roots anymore, but when you started out touring you left all of your previous bands behind. You kept the door prices low (five or six dollars) the shows all ages and you stayed away from big, established venues.

Ian: Well, the first time we toured we didn't have a record out and we had our reputations from the various bands. Guy and Brendan were in a band called Rites of Spring that was fairly popular and I was in a band called Minor Threat which was fairly popular and it was easy for us to get shows because we were coming out of Washington D.C. and we were on Dischord Records and we had this reputation or whatever. But at the same time we thought it would be very important for the band to approach it in a really underground sense—in other words to let the band grow on its own—so we really fought against using those tags like saying 'ex-this' or 'ex-that', using that as a way to book our band or to advertise our shows. Because of that we ended up playing very small and unusual venues because the grass roots community was the only one that would ever be receptive to that kind of thinking. Now the band is becoming more and more popular, I guess, and we're playing bigger shows so it's a little more difficult to continue playing small places but there's still a lot of larger size venues that are being put on by independent promoters. Certainly interesting shows. Because we always try to play for rather low door prices like in America at most five dollars and I guess in Canada six bucks or whatever. You can usually find interesting places to play. You kind of have to because the clubs don't usually go

for that kind of stuff.

RearGarde: Okay, so now what are some of the more interesting places... I heard you played in a parking garage in Philadelphia.

Ian: Yeah, we played at a parking garage in fifty degree weather...

Guy: It was a benefit for Act Up and homelessness group up there.

Ian: Act Up is an Aids activist group in America.

Guy: A lot of people came out to that. It was an interesting show.

Ian: Yeah, very interesting. We've played basement and art galleries, small clubs and in Europe we played in old dairy factories, in a 19th Century fort in Rome. We played in the stable of the fort. You can play in a lot of weird places. People will put on shows just about anywhere.

Guy: Metal Bunker in Amsterdam.

Ian: Yeah we played in front of the White House in the park. Just about anywhere.

RearGarde: When you went over to Europe the first time you didn't have any vinyl out. What sort of turnouts did you get for the shows, how did people know about you. Just through word of mouth and maybe demo tapes and stuff?

Ian: Well, again the Dischord Records thing was a help...

Guy: Also people in Europe, they'll come out for American bands at the moment. I mean it swings both ways for a while, but American bands can really get shows there. Now it's the kind of thing where there's a lot of active interest in American bands especially in the hardcore underground sphere.

Ian: Also we've played a lot of shows in Europe that were only twenty or thirty people. You know, I mean it was a lot of small little squats and all that so there's plenty of small shows too. Actually when we went to Europe the record was supposed to be out but it didn't come out until right at the very end of our tour. It was actually a pretty interesting situation because we played 13 countries, most of which weren't English speaking, so we were kind of at a loss—it was tough to communicate, no-one had heard our music, it was pretty rough going. It was great, but difficult sometimes. For the last bit of the tour, the record had just come out in England, and we got to England, which was speaking English, and everyone knew the record, and we were being hyped out

of our skulls. It was a total shock to walk into these huge show, but we had some dinky ones there too.

Guy: But stuff like that was good for the band to begin with just because it gave us a chance to make a lot of mistakes and learn about each other and what it meant to tour. Speaking for Brendan, Joe, and I, we had never toured before, so to go out and within the last two years, be on the road for almost half the time is pretty intense and you learn how to play in a band pretty quickly. It's been pretty good for the band. It's strengthened it.

RearGarde: A friend of mine told me he saw you play in Italy and there was slamming in the middle of a slow part of a song and you were just talking over the music and saying, "These guys are being ridiculous," or whatever.

Guy: We don't separate our performance or whatever from what's going on in the room. It's not like we parade on stage, rock out and then leave. We try to be aware of what's going on in the room and react to what's going on in the room. So when the whole crowd is really into it and we have a good vibe in the room then we react to that. When there's a lot of stupid bullshit going on we react to that. It's not the kind of thing where you just want to saunter in, pick up your pay cheque and

get the hell out of there.

RearGarde: Do you think a lot of the kids get the message behind the music or are they just there to see a band and to hear the music?

Ian: Neither one is better or worse than the other thing. It's hard for us to judge. From the responses that we get I think a lot of the people take the music seriously and enjoy it. And I also see a lot of people who have a good time at our shows and that's great, that's fine. I mean our music is not like something you're supposed to wear over your head like a raincloud. You do with it what you will. We're happy to make it.

RearGarde: Why the name Fugazi? It's a Vietnam slang for "fucked up situation." Ian: Initially it's because we needed a title. But I certainly agree with the sentiment of it. The "fucked up situation" concept is an overview of the world in a lot of ways but also because it was an inauspicious enough word that it made everybody ask what it meant and why you'd use it or come up with their own definition which has proved to be quite entertaining. It's not something that's not cut and dry. It's just a word and people can make of it what they will.

RearGarde: I put up a poster in a record store and the guy asked me if it was a Marillion cover band or something because they have an album called Fugazi.

Ian: Unfortunately, yeah, they do. It's okay, we're putting out our next album and it's going to be called Marillion.

RearGarde: Speaking of your next album, do you have anything in the works or has anything been cut yet?

Guy: Yeah, right before we left on this tour we just finished recording eleven songs which are all two guitar things and when we recorded in D.C. with the guy who produced our first record, Ted, at the first studio that we recorded at, Inner Ear. And when we get back from this tour we're going to mix it down and then hopefully if all goes well, it should be out sometime early next year. We've got a single coming out first on Subpop then on Dischord which is three kind of older songs that we re-recorded; *Break In*, *Joe Number One* and *Song Number One*, and that'll be the three song 7" and that'll come out and then hopefully the album will come out right after that.

RearGarde: You guys recorded a Peel Session when you were in England. How

did that go?

Ian: It's really fun. You get to work with the guy who produces, the ex-drummer of Mott the Hoople, and it's really the most incredibly high tech situation you've ever seen. You walk into this giant BBC orchestra room and they set you up at 9:00 a.m. and you're out of there by 1:00 p.m. They just jam you through, they're real professionals. They make it sound kind of funny but it was really enjoyable. The room is so beautiful, the studio is so nice and the people were really friendly and they were really nice to us. We had a really good time doing it.

Both: And it was a time that we had started recording *Margin Walker* and we were having a rough go at that and things were kind of miserable and we had some time to rest and we were able to go in and record the Peel Session after that and it was kind of nice to see that we could kick it off. *Margin Walker* we initially recorded twelve songs for that record and we only released six of them because it didn't sound right at all. We have a really hard time in the studios. We've played like hundreds of shows now and when you go into a studio and try to put it on tape and you're like standing in a room.

RearGarde: Just a slight tangent, directed at you Ian, how did the Pailhead project with Al Jourgensen come about and is there anything else coming from that direction?

Ian: I was just in the studio, and he was there too. We said hello, got to talking, and he was a really nice guy. He said "I have a really fast song I've been trying to put words too and I can't do it, do you want to give it a shot." And I said, "sure I can do that." So I did it, it was *I Will Refuse*. He thought it was really great and he said "let's do a b-side." And we did a b-side to it. Then we did four more songs. It's really fun, and maybe we'll do it again sometime, but I don't have any plans of doing it at the moment. Fugazi is definitely the band that I'm interested in. If anything, being in Fugazi has really shut down frivolous musical stuff that you'd enjoy doing. I mean, I don't ever play guitar unless I'm practicing now. But then again, that's okay. I figure right now people want to see us and I don't mind being this busy, because it's pretty much what all of us have always wanted to do.

Interview conducted by Shawn Scallen.



PHOTO: DAG

10

MUSICIANS

Young Thrash Metal band seeks singer and/or lead guitarist. Style: Metallica, DRI, Slayer and others. Originals and covers. Serious inquiries only. Call Kevin: 486-4265, Ian: 488-6510 or Andy: 486-7121 (514). c6

Rock and Roll band seeking a serious bassist, with his own equipment, along with five years experience. Please contact Charlie: (514) 272-6103. c6

Desperately seeking a drummer to complete band playing original material. Influences: SNFU, Nils, Dag Nasty. Call Stephane at 647-1774 or 257-8310. c5

Wanted. Drummer and Singer for Hardcore band. Influences include, Husker Du, Descendants, etc. Extremely serious people only. Contact Dean at (514) 768-7725. c6

Experienced singer looking to join or form all-original band. Non-smokers preferred. Interests: heavy reggae/punk/funk/ska/r&b-rock/industrial dub. Influences: Costello, Fishbone, Nomeansno, XTC, etc. Glenn, (514) 939-4382. c4

Bassist and drummer needed for a hardcore (not metal) group. Call Dave at 935-8008 or Marc at 257-9240. c5

Young thrash metal band seeks singer and/or lead guitarist for serious jamming and possible gigs. Style: Metallica, DRI, Voivod, Anthrax. Originals and covers. Call Kevin at 486-4265 from 3:30-10:30. c5

Post-Industrial Band looking for female vocalist and one drummer/percussionist to play modern primitive music (rock or jazz drummers need not apply). Call Denis at (514) 398-9838 (evenings or weekends). c5

Bassist needed by Pushme-Pullyou. We've got shows to play and plans to record. What more could you want? For more details call Robert at 733-4602. c4

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D.O.P. is looking for a guitar player, a bassist and a singer. Influences: The Cult, Hanoi Rocks, N.Y. Dolls, Sex Pistols, Ramones. Serious only. Call Dizzy at 430-2190 or Dave at 795-6886. c5

CLASS ADS

GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

Guitarists! Did the underground scene? Looking for a band? Your rhythm section awaits. Influences included everything from the Doughboys to Jane's Addiction to DBC. Call Chris at (514) 672-4609 evenings. c5

Musicians wanted for interesting pop band. Influences: Bauhaus, Love and Rockets, Cure, Kate Bush. West Island area, aged 18-25 preferred. Call A.J. at (514) 633-9956 after 7 pm. Serious calls only. c3

All Girl Band looking for a hard rocking female drummer. For originals. Must be serious. Call Jill, (514) 342-9423 or Sye, (514) 276-4960. c5

Established Rock Band with originals looking for bass, guitar and keyboard players. Experienced only. Contact Yves at 932-7514. c5

Good singer wanted to complete original hard rock band. We have equipment, a rehearsal place in Greenfield Park, and day jobs. Call 932-0362. c6

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Space for rent for (pretty much) anything. Cheap. Call (514) 937-0493. c6

Yamaha VX series 15 amp and Quest Attack 2 electric guitar. Both for \$300.00. Best deal around. Phone Derek at (514) 695-6546. c4

Shadow Compilation 2: 12-track sampler tape featuring tracks by: Heik & the Shakes, Din, Digital Poodle, Parade, Land, etc. Elektronik-industrial-ambient. \$7.00 from **Shadow Canada**, 5 Admiral Rd. Toronto, Ont. M5R 2L4. c2

Native American cassettes, featuring rap, reggae and hardcore examining the invasion of North America by European settlers. For free catalog, send S.A.S.E. to Technaweb Sound, 720J Carson Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2K 0H3. c1

Fender Strat '86, red with locking bridge system, rosewood neck \$600. Yamaha 100 watt amp, 2 12" speakers, includes foot switch. \$400. Call Richard at 939-5857. c5

Ragas for Guitar by Michael Kleniec. Six authentic East Indian Ragas. \$10 plus \$2 shipping. Gamelon Music, P.O. Box 525, Station P, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T1. c5

Vantage Basse. Have to sell! Cool-looking blue, looks great. In great shape. Phone Ludwig, (514) 649-1730. c5

Pearl Drum Kit, four piece w/out cymbals. Some hardware, good pedal, new throne. \$200. Colin, (514) 499-1101. c5

Motion Picture Purgatory compilation of cartoons from RearGarde and the Montreal Mirror. \$4.95 post-paid (money order) from Rick Tremblay, P.O. Box 693, Tour de la Bourse, H4Z 1J9. c1

Ripcordz. "Elvis Death Cult" T-shirts. 3-colour front. 2-sided. \$10 post-paid. 14-song albums, \$8 from Paul Gott c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. c1

BLISS. "Off the Pig!" On your chest. T-shirts. 3 colours, 2-sided. L,XL. \$10.00 ppd. Chrome cassettes. 6 songs. \$5.00 ppd. BLISS. c/o Mike Stevenson, P.O. Box 91, Succ. St-Henri, Mtl., QC, H4C 3J7. c1

RearGarde T-Shirts. They're back! Impress your friends! Annoy your parents! 2-colour tees only \$10 post-paid from RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421,

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for individuals and "Help Wanted" ads

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for profit-making enterprises

max. 30 words

SERVICES

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Band photographer. Experienced. Live and studio promotional pics. Reasonable rates. Not free. Call Steve 'til 11pm at (514) 274-1819. c6

Band T-Shirts printed quickly and inexpensively. Have made t's for SNFU, Doughboys, Fall-Safe, RearGarde, BLISS, and many others. Phone Dad's Silkscreen Productions at (514) 937-6087. c1

Private Guitar Lessons for beginners starting at only \$14 per lesson. Ask about our free lesson plan and possible house call plan. Contact Norm at 722-0843 or 735-3229. c5

Need a gig, have no time to book your band? I will book Top 40 and original bands. Call Chantal at 489-7698. c5

Rehearsal Studio with monitoring from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. \$7/hour. Recording facilities (2-4-8 tracks) available. Call Lunatik Asylum, 524-5393. c5

When nuthin' but the best will do... We deliver the finest in illustration, lettering and design for the best rates. (Band posters and t-shirt design our specialty). John Grove custom artworks. 848-0129. c5

Freelance Graphics that fit into your budget. Band logos, covers, posters, whatever. Call Yves (evenings) at (514) 273-1884. c1

Illustrator/cartoonist Frank Lintzen, Box 261, Streetsville P.O., Mississauga, Ontario, L5M 2B8. (416) 749-3791. c1

Cassettes. Demo duplication, custom-length blanks, reel-to-reel tape. Best prices, VISA/M/C. Call 24 hrs/7 days. Analogue Industries (514) 278-TAPE. c6

WANTED

Contacts for listing in a Canadian independent music bible: Bands, clubs, media, bookers, 'zines, unions, practice spaces, studios... anything folks in the music industry might need to know, to be

compiled and distributed free. We need your name, phone, address, and a brief description of what you do (plus any other contacts you might have). Send c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. Or phone (514) 483-5372 and leave a message.

24-7 Spyz and ALL/Descendants stuff desired! Newspaper clippings, pictures, clothing, hair, used condoms, I don't know. Just send it to Susan Ch. 194 Loper St., Southington, CT 06489, USA in exchange for whatever I am capable of giving. All letters will be answered. Thanks. c6

Ohio disabled educator (two masters: Education & Soviet) now incarcerated (was guilty) wants some educated correspondence from Canada, please write: Robt. Kim Walton, M.Ed., Box 56-#175-999, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. c6

Do you miss Rhythm and Bruises as an outlet for aggression piled up all week? Send me yer demos-above and beyond basic 3 chord trash: punk, post-core, weird shit, but please no technocrap! Send to CKUT, Radio McGill, c/o AACKI, suite B-15, 3480 McTavish, Montreal, H3A 1X9. You'll hear it Friday mornings at 11. c4

K.D. Lang wanted. Looking for absolutely anything! Ticket stubs, concert items, news clippings, audio/video, promo items-anything! Thanks! Danielle M. Brodzik, 334 Woodside #101, Rochester hills, Mich 48063. c6

I'm looking for live tapes. Stuff like Metallica (T.O.'s '89 and others), Violent Femmes (esp. T.O. '89), Bad Brains, Fall Safe, Sabbath, Zep, Old Stones, MC-5, Velvet Underground, metal, 60's, etc. Have 100's to trade. Might want video too. Call Erik at (514) 931-6675 or write 315 Olivier, Montreal, Quebec, H3Z 2C8. Thanks muchly.... c6

Metal Bands: Want exposure? WCWS in Wooster, Ohio would like to include your band. All types welcomed. Hayley Greif, Box C-1708, The College of Wooster, Wooster Ohio, 44691, USA. c4

Actors and actresses for Concordia student film. Experience preferred. For audition, call Alain at 487-9696. c5

Help!! Does anybody know where I can find the local Toronto released album by Bent Wind. Will pay \$100 US. Please call collect if you have it. Al (216) 549-0141 or (216) 482-4108. c4

Desperately seeking Northern Pikes records: blue vinyl and blue tape of *Big Blue Sky*. Their two independent LP on Black N' Round label, *Scene in North America* and *The Northern Pikes*. Art from US mags are welcome. I'm serious. Sylvie Dumas. C.P. 284, Succ C, Montreal, Que H2L 4K1. Canada. c4

Metal (all kinds), thrash, core wanted for new metal show at CRSG Radio Concordia. Send yer tapes, vinyls and bios to: Phil, c/o CRSG, 1455 de Maisonneuve W., suite H-647, Montreal, Quebec H3G 1M8. Call at 848-7401/02. Interviews possible. c5

Alternative CDs wanted. Old and new from Ultravox to Alien Sex Fiend. Will pay from 8 to 12 dollars. Call 721-6728 after 12 p.m. any day. Will make house calls. c5

Gimme Yer Shirts! Seeking a Red Hot Chili's t-shirt; I don't care if it stinks or has stains. Preferably from the Rock With Your Cock Out/Funky Rumpus tour. You need bucks? I'll buy it. 849-9559-ask for the Red Mistress or leave message. c4

Attention all Thrash and Death Metal bands! Seeking airplay in the U.S.A.?? My college radio show *The Wrath of the Thrash Queens* for you!! I feature 3 hours per day. Send demo tapes to: Stella Cultrona, c/o WRUW FM 91.1, 11220 Bellflower rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44106. Not a rip off, will send copy of show you appear on by request. (216) 587-0655. c2

Cassettes, CDs, Records you name it, for airplay on campus/community radio station in Kitchener. Send to Radio CKWR, P.O. Box 2035, Station B, Kitchener, Ontario, N2H 6K8. Tel. (519) 886-9870. c1

Comme Un Boomerang. émission radio Franco-Punkifiée diffusant les Jeudi de 22h. à minuit sur les ondes de CKUT FM, attend vos cassettes/demos/disques pour diffusion probable: Come un Boomerang, c/o CKUT Radio McGill, suite B-15, 3480 McTavish, Montreal, H3A 1X9. c1

Punk/Hardcore/Speedmetal demos and vinyl for radio show. Send to Shawn Scallen, host of No Future Now c/o CKCU-FM, Room 517 Unicentre, Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5B6. Make sure to include biographical information. c1

Bands or just plain old folks who have a van and head down to Toronto on a regular basis to help transport RearGarde down the 401 (or whatever it is). Yes, there's money involved. We'll negotiate. Phone Emma or Paul at 483-5372. c1

Nifty Music (demos and vinyl) wanted for review here, yes, for this great 'zine. Fame and fortune guaranteed. Send to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. c1

PERSONALS

Young man, mid 20's, very low mileage, looking for woman with good driving skills. P.O.Box 535, Jean Talon, Montreal H1S 2Z4. c6

Dear Gavin, I watched Mr.Dressup today. Montreal misses and loves you, so do I. XXX c4

Birth Control. Hamsters know nothing about it. That is why we have 11 to give away. We have a mommy, two daddies and 8 babies. So why not give an adorable little hamster a home? Call the hamster lady at 489-0823. No perverts. c5

Gay Skin, 26 yrs old, student—interested in meeting a like mind. Write to P.O. Box 5552, Station B, Mtl, H3B 4P1. Tell me about yourself and not your politics. c3

21 Year Old university grad is seeking a beautiful, intelligent woman for companionship, in Toronto area. Write to: Paul Billinger, RR#2, Sutton West, LOE 1R0. c5

Taking a break from guys for a while? So am I. Not sure about your sexual orientation? Hey, who is in this crazy world? I'm a she, you're a she, let's hang out together at Fourfoues, repertory cinemas or St-Laurent St. Contradictory girl and bilingual feminist? Yo, perfect! Let the phrase "Two cool rock chicks listening to Mudhoney" apply to us... Write now, sister! P.O. Box 344, Place du Parc, Montreal H2W 2N8. c5

Great Gentle Master seeks friendship or love. Calling upon all singles, lovers of sea, uniform, tribe, discipline and definitely permanent love relation. No drugs. Box 875, Desjardins, Montreal H5B 1B9. c5

Hi Marc-Andrez. Just wanted to say I've missed you a lot since the 7th of November. Hope you're happy! Love you 4 ever. Ton ex-B, Sylvie. xxx c5

Corey/Jack. Bad karma. I'm left standing at the courtyard's gate. May I not enter? Silence is no choice. Tell me. I miss you more than the sun. Lisa. c5

Be my friend! I'm new in town, and seeking a fun lesbian friend, maybe lover?! Help me find my way around, and more friends. Box 49, Hingston Hall, 7141 Sherbrooke West, Montreal H4B 1R6. c5

I'm A White Male, 32, look younger, love music, the Cure, French. Seek correspondence with open-minded women. Claude Montreuil, C.P. 7070, Chemin de l'Aéroport, Port-Cartier, Quebec G5B 2W2. c5

Toronto man, 38, affectionate, kind and sincere, well established, East Indian, seeks a pleasant, attractive female 18 to 40. Write to Apt 206, 362 the East Mall, Toronto, Ont. M9B 6C4 or phone: (416) 621-9557. c3

Nice Jewish boy 19 with long hair seeks a male and female friend 16-25 who preferably lives in Montreal to show me the sights i.e. the clubs and bars. You must not smoke/drink/do any drugs. Serious replies only. Write to Mr. Howard Shore 3815 Bathurst Street, Suite #08, Toronto, ont M3H 3N1. c3

European Prince (in exile) forming his tribe. Wishes to hear from gentle girls practising Paganism. Welcome young, very feminine boys. Write to: Bohemond, Box 875, Desjardins, Montreal H3b 1B9. c6

HELP WANTED

Advertising reps for RearGarde are needed. 20 per cent minimum commission. Serious inquiries only. Contact Paul or Emma at (514) 483-5372. Leave a message. c5

McGill Ghetto big room possibility, against translation English to French. Call now (514) 843-8083. c6

RearGarde Class Ads are FREE
for individuals and for 'Help Wanted' ads.
They are \$5 for profit-making enterprises.

All ads must be TYPED or NEATLY PRINTED.
Maximum 30 words per ad. Confirmation and cancellation for all ads (including free ads) must be sent each month. Deadline is five-days before the end of the month previous to publication.

Send ads to:
RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H,
Montreal, H3G 2N4.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen
Full Page PHOTO: DAG



Jacksonville.

RearGarde: How about airplay?

Johnathan: Our record's doing really well on college radio. We just got back from the CMJ Festival and everyone was ranting about it.

John: We had one of those showcase shows on CMJ in New York Saturday night and our record was on all three billboards. It was only the second week, so it's doing really well. Apparently in Canada, it's in the top 5.

RearGarde: On this album a lot of the songs are written about home and missing it...

Johnathan: The whole album was written on tour. The song *Home Again*—what Brock was saying was that he was home on the road. Basically the songs on the album are written on tour about being on tour and missing something back home. We recorded it on tour too.

John: We recorded it on tour in LA in ten days. It was a rush recording, it sounds a lot like a live record. It's a total on-tour record. We'll never do another one like that again. Next time, we'll chill out and take our time.

RearGarde: The album is produced by Bill Stevenson. Tell us about him.



something really new. They always have to fall back on something and slot it and pigeon-hole it to understand it. I don't understand the comparison. I don't think they had that much of an influence on our band, but if they want to compare it with that to introduce them to our band, then let them. Better Husker Du than Marillion.

RearGarde: If you were to compare your music to something, what would you compare yourself to?

Johnathan: It's hard to get perspective because we're four different people in the band. We don't go out and say let's sound like Husker Du or something. We just go in and jam. It's a totally natural thing; the way it sounds is the way it sounds. We all like Kiss, but I don't think our second album sounds anything like them.

RearGarde: What happened in France on this tour where there was a riot.

John: The whole thing was blown out of proportion. This riot started at one of our shows. It was in Grenoble, France. Everyone just took cover cos we didn't know what was going on.

Johnathan: Someone said, 'National Front Skinheads,' and I just went 'oh great.'

John: What it was was an anti-facit rally and there were gatecrashers who broke through and smashed everything. The promoters had security all ready for

this with bats and stuff and everyone was evacuated by the back door. We didn't know what the hell was going on. We were a little freaked out.

RearGarde: Did you play at all that night?

John: We played four songs.

Johnathan: It was weird cos outside there were these people throwing rocks and tear gas at each other and there were about five guys up front going, 'play some more!'

John: They evacuated the whole audience by the back door while we were still onstage saying, 'What the fuck's going on?'

RearGarde: Was that one of the weirder things that happened on this tour?

Johnathan: We had a couple of shows where people were trying to rip down my shorts while I was playing. One night in England, I had my shorts down around my ankles, playing totally nude. (And I MISSED this???)

John: In Holland, during *Home Again*, Johnathan did this thing and some guy tossed a bottle at him. That was kind of weird.

Johnathan: We played badminton in

the middle of *Home Again* in Brussels.

John: In Italy, we played this place called 'Joy' on top of a mountain. We totally packed the place and everyone there was so suave, with all these nice Italian suits, really well-dressed. (breaks into hysterical laughter)

RearGarde: How will the new album sound?

Johnathan: We haven't made it yet, but it'll still be a rock record. It's hard to say right now cos we're still on the tour mode.

John: We've been playing the new songs in Montreal and throughout the tour. People seem to dig them.

We chat some more about a whole bunch of stuff, and then...

John: Let's ask some of our own questions, like why isn't our record on the front window at Dutchy's?

Johnathan: Why does RearGarde want an interview with us?

John: Yeah.

RearGarde: Well, it's been so long and...

John: Three years about. That's only cos Paul Gott hates our band. (Whoops, more erroneous rumour-mongering—

ed.)

Johnathan: Thanks for supporting our band. That's about it. I haven't got anything to say.

John: Maybe write us. Our P.O. Box is 5559, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, H3B 4P1. Write us a letter.

Johnathan: No no no. Just come by the Bifteck.

John: Yeah, come by the Bifteck...

Johnathan: I'll be there.

John: Johnathan's the guy at the bar with all his hair in his face.

Johnathan: If you need t-shirts or something, maybe we can work out some beer deal.

Interview conducted by Miss Wendy.

The Doughboys. One of Montreal's most famous musical exports, still difficult to track down in Montreal. Wendy did track them down during their annual Montreal show at Foulfoues recently.

RearGarde: This first question must be one you had to answer a lot lately, why did Brock leave the band?

Johnathan: Actually we've never been asked that. Brock wanted to do something else. He was getting more and more into meditation as the days went on. It was hard for him to try and juggle both things. The more he was getting into meditation, his heart was going more that way instead of the band. He wasn't having as much fun cos he was more channeled to this other thing. Basically, what it came down to was that we had to go on tour to promote the new album and he wanted to go into a meditation retreat, so he had to make a decision.

John: He's moving to India to continue meditation and we're still happening as a band.

Johnathan: It's cool, he's happy, we're happy. He's not bummed. He's doing a different thing now. He sold his drum set. Hopefully he'll start doing music again cos I totally respect Brock as a musician.

RearGarde: So he left on good terms then?

Together: Oh yeah, for sure.

Johnathan: He got his hair cut though. The first thing he does after leaving the Doughboys is get his hair cut.

RearGarde: How did you hook up with Paul of Nomind?

John: Johnathan used to play in this

band with him and we all know him from Toronto.

Johnathan: Me and Paul are the Toronto homeboys. He was in the band I quit to join the Doughboys and as soon as Brock said, 'I'm going to be doing this meditation thing and not be in the band anymore,' what instantly went through all our heads was to phone Paul up. He's an amazing drummer and has fit in really well.

John: Yeah, we couldn't have gotten a better replacement cos personality-wise,

music-wise, attitude-wise, look-wise, he fits in.

Johnathan: Yeah, we were looking for a bunch of people with dreadlocks... ha.

RearGarde: Will you still be doing Brock's songs? Who will sing them?

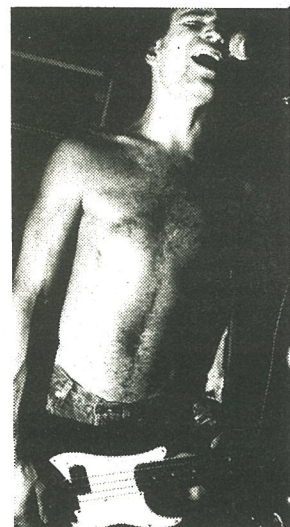
John: Bondhead sings one and I sing one and those will probably be all the Brock songs we'll do. We're moving on now. We've got a lot of new songs.

Johnathan: The third album is practically written. I think it will be our best album.

RearGarde: How is the audience reaction? Are you more popular in the States than in Canada?

Johnathan: In Europe we're more popular and also in Canada. The States are starting to move now cos we're getting good reviews and stuff.

John: It's hard to say cos we had different sized record companies for our first album. Now we have one record company for this album. We're getting a fair chance to sell the record not only in Canada and Europe, but the States as well. Now people can actually find our record in some store in Pittsburgh or



John: He produced the last *Descendents*/All album. He's done a lot of stuff. He's been the drummer for *Black Flag*, *All*, and the *Descendents*. He's good, but you got to keep changing as every album goes by. At the time, everything worked well. We were happy we did it with Bill. The next record, we'll choose somebody else. This was the sound at that time.

RearGarde: How do you feel about the constant comparison to *Husker Du*?

John: In Europe, for some strange reason, they keep comparing us to *Husker Du*. It's the people problem. They always have to compare it with something. If that's what they have to do, then let them, I couldn't really care.

Johnathan: It's hard for people to take

DOUGHBOYS

NEXT ISSUE

7 Seconds
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And, you
know, lots of
other stuff.

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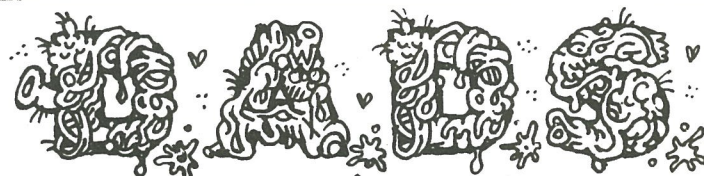
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So we wanted to do something like compiling the best and worst of the 80's and then we realized that none of our writers could agree on anything. So, instead, we've compiled a whole bunch of peoples' Best and Worst lists—both regular writers and some invited guests—along with some brief explanations. Folks were also asked to stay away from Mainstream artists as much as possible in their Worst lists, working on the assumption that everyone knows Phil Collins stinks...

John Coinner

- Best
1. **Metallica**, Anything
And on the eighth day...
2. **Bad Brains**, *Rock for Light*
Never before. Never since. Never again.
3. **Cro-Mags**, *Age of Quarrel*
The absolute hardest of the hardcore.
4. **Misfits**, *Walk Among Us*
Not of this world.
5. **Faith No More**, *The Real Thing*
All the best music of the decade fused into one band.
Worst
1. **Screwdriver**, Anything
Shameless hate mongers that have polluted countless young minds.
2. **Discharge**, *Grave New World*
The band that invented speedcore put out an album that gets them booed off stage by their own fans.
3. **Cockney Rejects**, *Quiet Storm*
The very best of the Oi! breed turned Bruce Springsteen.
4. **David Lee Roth**, *Eat 'em and Smile*
Put it back in your pants Davey Boy. It's all over...
5. **D.B.C.**, *Universe*
Brainmetal? Have you ever seen these guys?

Blake Cheeta

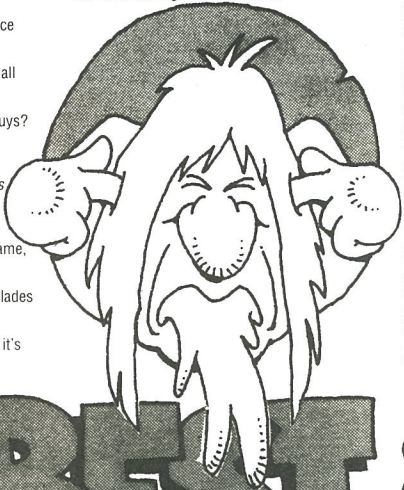
- Best
1. **The Violent Femmes**, *Violent Femmes*
Suicidal, homicidal, romanticidal dark ages of the teenage years.
2. **The Gun Club**, *Fire of Love*
The only shotgun radicals out of all the tame, shetland pony roots rockers.
3. **The Replacements**, *Tim*
Even the two ballads here are like razor blades in Halloween apples.
4. **The Gun Club**, *Miami*
As Jeffrey Lee said, "This ain't the blues, it's suicide."
5. **Sonic Youth**, *Sister*

Best

1. **Madonna**, *Madonna*
Bitching as an art form. This started it all.
 2. **Replacements**, *Everything*
Gives me a severe case of the whim-whams.
 3. **Beastie Boys**, *Licensed to Ill*
White boys from Brooklyn rapping. Wow.
 4. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, *Everything*
The lips on the lead singer give me weird ideas.
 5. **Suicidal Tendencies**, *Suicidal Tendencies*
Somebody, quick, give me a pepsi.
- The Yuckies
1. **David Bowie**, *Let's Dance*
What a let down after all those great tunes.
2. **Milli Vanilli**, *Milli Vanilli*
Nails scraping on a chalkboard with hair extensions.
3. **Duran Duran**, *Seven and the Ragged Tiger*
They all got fat.
4. **PIL**, *the disco album (I forget the name)*
John Lydon meets the Bee Gees.
5. **Them**, *tunes by Testament*
Oh please. Get real.

Zippy

- Best
1. **Bootsy Collins**, *What's Bootsy Doin'?*
Funk me Dirty!
2. **Motorhead**, *Orgasmatron*
This is rock 'n roll. Lemmy is God.
3. **George Clinton**, *R 'n B Skeletons in the Closet*
No, wait... George Clinton is God!



THE BEST & WORST OF THE 80's

An album that reinvents the electric guitar.
Worst
1. **Anything by 10,000 Maniacs**
Because they stink.
2. **Soundgarden**, *Louder Than Love*
Sure they're heavy, but so's a dumptruck full of lard.
3. **Asexuals**, *Dish*
A shit sandwich on baguette. Nice bass work though.
4. **Doughboys**, *Home Again*
Nursery rhyme anthems from impassioned out-of-work trapeze artists.
5. **Jethro Tull**, anything.
I'm putting a bounty on his head. This flutist must be eliminated.

P.S. Marlboro

- Best (in no particular order)
1. **Minor Threat**, *Minor Threat*
Because, along with the D.K.s, it set the tone for American punk/hardcore.
2. **The Minutemen**, *Double Nickels on the Dime*
Because it proved songwriting still had a place on the street.
3. **The Butthole Surfers**, *Pee Pee The Sailor*
Because it proved LSD was here to stay.
4. **Funkadelic**, *Electric Spanking of War Babies*
Because it proved LSD was here to stay.
5. **Metallica**, *Master of Puppets*
Because it has guitars on it.
Worst
1. **Firehose**, *fromohio*
I already heard REM.
2. **REM**, *Green*
Michael Stipe irritates me.
3. **Prince**, *Around the World in a Day*
'Cause I like Prince.
4. **The Flaming Lips**, Anything.
Who gave them a contract anyway?
5. **New Order**, *Brotherhood*
'Cause they'd already made way too much money.

Paul Gott

- Best
1. **Forgotten Rebels**, *This Ain't Hollywood*
Pure Punk muzik for Now People.
2. **Joan Jett**, *Glorious Results of a Misspent Youth*
The best from the Queen of Rock 'n Roll.
3. **SNFU**, *If You Swear You'll Catch No Fish*
Because they're SNFU.
4. **Primitive Air Raid**, Various
The LP that kick-started the Montreal scene.
5. **Asexuals**, *Contemporary World*
Because Blake Cheeta wasn't in the band yet.
Worst
1. **DBI**, *Crossover*
Because it's crossover.
2. **Soundgarden**, *Louder Than Love*
Black Sabbath. Again. Who needs it?
3. **Bruce Springsteen**, *Born in the U.S.A.*
The death of mainstream rock 'n roll.
4. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, *Everything*
Bad funk music from white guys with bad haircuts.
5. **Cowboy Junkies**, *Whites Off Earth Now*
Canadian alternative elevator muzak for the New Age.

Miss Wendy

4. **Metallica**, *Ride the Lightning*
Metal burnin' mania.
 5. **Run D.M.C.**, *Raisin' Hell*
Thee baddest rap.
- Worst
1. **Phil Collins**, Anything
He should wear a hat.
2. **Ten Pole Tudor**, *Swords of a Thousand Men*
Sounds like shit—the ultimate Brit band.
3. **Blondie**, Anything
Poseur City.
4. **Deja Voodoo**, Anything
The made too many albums that sounded the same.
5. **The Clash**, Anything
Too much, too fast, too soon.

Will Richards

- Yeys.
1. **Joy Division**, *Closer*.
Isn't this everyone's favourite record? (No—ed.)
2. **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**, *From Her to Eternity*.
The most detailed descent into hell since Dante.
3. **Big Black**, *Atomizer*
Set me on fire.
4. **Swans**, *Holy Money*
Coward may be the most self-degrading song ever.
5. **Gang of Four**, *Entertainment*
The first live show that I ever saw. Thank you. Nays.
1. **Forgotten Rebels**, Anything.
We must all try to de-brainwash Paul and Emma.
2. **Dayglo Abortions**, *Here Today Guano Tomorrow*.
Cheap publicity stunt or cheap publicity stunt? You be the judge.
3. **Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince**, Anything.
For the bastardisation of rap, I fart in your general direction.
4. **Jonathan Richman**, *It's time for...*
Don't you want to put him through a paper shredder?
5. **The Style Council**, *The Cost of Loving*
Not really bad, just incredibly disappointing.

Mack Mackenzie, Three O'Clock Train

- Best
1. **Jennifer Warnes**, *Famous Blue Raincoat*
I love her voice.
2. **John Hiatt**, *Bring the Family*
Great songs. Great band.
3. **Randy Travis**, *Always and Forever*
Another great voice.
4. **Keith Richards**, *Talk Is Cheap*
Mr. Rock 'n Roll.
5. **Jon Wayne**, *Texas Funeral*
Brilliant. First class. Real country.
Worst
1. **Sting**, *Nothing Like the Sun*
Nothing like a bum.
2. **Tin Machine**, *Tin Machine*
It's a joke, right? I don't get it.
3. **Will To Power**, *Freebird/Baby I Love Your Way*
Really really really bad.
4. **Lee Aaron**, *Body Rock*
No talent. No class.
5. **New Kids on the Block**, Anything.

Gimme a break.

David Oancia, Brave New Waves

- Best
1. **Talking Heads**, *Remain in Light*
Helped introduce a lot of people to African music and funk.
2. **Husker Du**, *Zen Arcade*
One of the best Rock LPs ever made.
3. **Change of Heart**, *Slow Dance*
One of the most under-rated bands of the 80's.
4. **Prince**, *Sign of the Times*
If commercial radio was always this adventurous, we wouldn't need an alternative.
5. **Public Enemy**, *It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*
Black nationalism never sounded this good.
Worst
1. **Nick Cave**, *Tender Prey*
The LP where he fell in love with his own image.
2. **Einsturzende Neubauten**, *Drawings of the Patient OT*
One of the most pretentious bands ever.
3. **Madonna**, *Material Girl*
Really shows us how morally corrupt the 80's could be.
4. **Black Flag**, *Instrumental*
Someone should've told Greg Ginn they weren't the next Grateful Dead.
5. **Foreigner**, *I Want To Know What Love Is*
If I hear another rock ballad, I'll puke.

Shawn Scallen

- Best
1. **Fugazi**, *Margin Walker*
Intense.
2. **Doughboys**, *Home Again*
Cool music, cool hair, better live.
3. **Pailhead**, *Trait*
MacKaye and Jourgensen are Gods. Period.
4. **Deep End**, *Suck*
The next big Canadian band. Great pop-punk.
5. **Public Enemy**, *Fight the Power 12"*
Hypocritical & lame live. Vinyl music and message are essential.
Worst
1. **Birth Defects** cassette
Sloppy musicianship, assinine lyrics. If you're French, sing in French.
2. **Old Skull**, *Get Outta School*
Overrated bullshit. Restores my faith in marketing and hype.
3. **Bad Brains**, *Quickness*
Lost their punch. Lyrically homophobic.
4. **Lard**, *The Power of Lard*
Doesn't live up to Biafra/Jourgensen

So sincere it hurts.

2. **Laurie Anderson**, *O Superman*
Oh, superbore. Mixed-media dead end.
3. **Replacements**, *Let It Be*
Spawned too many shambling clones.
4. **Long Ryders**, Anything
Epitomy of derivative "alternative" country rock.
5. **Police**, Anything
Because American corporations discovered New Wave through them.

Ewan Macdonald, Fail-Safe, etc.

- Best
1. **The Persuasions**, *No Frills*
Five old guys from New York singing hardcore acapella.
2. **Black Flag**, *(B-side to the TV Party single)*
Because they still had Chuck, Dez, Greg on guitars and Henry singing.
3. **Connie Kaldour**, *Gentle Heart*
Because of its power.
4. **SS Decontrol**, *How we Rock*
Because of its power.
5. **Nomeansno**, Anything
It's the stuff that keeps me running.
Worst
1. **SS Decontrol**, *Break It Up*
Could not compare to *How We Rock*.
2. **Bad Religion**, *Into the Unknown*
Could not compare to *How Could Hell Be Any Worse*.
3. **Queen**, *Flash Gordon Soundtrack*
Because it only had one good song.
4. **Gino Vanelli**, Anything
Because he makes me feel bad inside.
5. **Proletariat**, *Soma Holiday*
Because they were great on *This is Boston, Not LA* so I should've known better.

Lorrie

- Best
1. **Gun Club**, *Fire Of Love*
Ultimate do-the-dishes music.
2. **Bad Brains**, *Rock For Light*
Chills up the spine.
3. **Sonic Youth**, *Sister*
Has the ability to grind you to China.
4. **Nomeansno**, *Sex Mad*
Verbalized anxiety of not getting it.
5. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, *Freaky Styley*
Forget your politics. I love boys who rock with their cocks out.
Worst
1. **ABC**, *Lexicon of Love*
Instant projectile vomiting in the high school caf.

2. **The Cure**, *Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me*
Self-explanatory garbage.
3. **Children in Adult Jails**, *Children in Adult Jails*
One of the most annoying, valueless pieces of vinyl I've ever heard.
4. **Stryper**, *Let's All Rock For The Lord*
Stupid concept. Stupid band.
5. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, *Mother's Milk*
Sell Out Young, to my dismay.

Emma Tibaldo

1. **Forgotten Rebels**, *This Ain't Hollywood...*
Because they're so terrifically obnoxious, and gosh darn fun.
 2. **S.N.F.U.**, *...And No One Else Wanted To Play*
Just coz it's pure hardcore that can still excite me.
 3. **Dogmatics**, *Everybody Does It*
It's great, silly, rock'n'roll music.
 4. **Youth Brigade**, *Sound And Fury*
Because it's got the best hardcore song ever written.
 5. **Ripcordz**, *Ripcordz Are God!*
It must be good if I still like it after having to listen to it so often.
- The Pitiful Ones
1. **Soundgarden**, *Louder Than Love*
I'd have entitled it "Smellier Than a Kitty Litter Box".
2. **Butthole Surfers**, Anything
I just plain hate them, their friends, their parents, their fans... their music.
3. **Dead Milkmen**, Anything after the first album
The joke wore thin very quickly.
4. **Skinny Puppy**, Anything
It's the only Canadian band Americans seem to know. No wonder people still think we're a disco nation.
5. **Laurie Anderson**, *O Superman*
Oh no, not her again. Very dull and pretentious.

Reverend Bob

- Best (in no particular order)
1. **Minor Threat**, *Out of Step*
It's like when they asked...
2. **Black Flag**, Anything
...the Big Guy up on the cross...
3. **Public Enemy**, *It Takes A Nation of Millions*
...the reason why he was up there...
4. **The Selector**, *Celebrate the Bullet*
...and He said...
5. **Nomeansno**, *You Kill Me EP*
...You figure it."
Bottom
1. **Meatmen**, *We're the Meatmen and You Suck*
They're the Meatmen and they suck.
2. **Exploited**, Anything
Do you mean the Exploited?
3. **Forgotten Rebels**, Anything
Can't forget how bad they are, and that's a problem.
4. **Sid & Nancy Soundtrack
Sid's dead. So what?
5. **Jane Siberry**, Anything
She's from Toronto.**

Nadine Gelineau, CKUT

- Top (in no particular order)
1. **Pixies**, *Surfa Rosa*
Great screaming guitar beach music without

giggly blonde beach bunnies.

2. **De la Soul**, *Three Feet High and Rising*
Great music for answering the door with a lampshade on your head.
 3. **Black Uhuru**, *Red*
Elastic rhythms, great lyrics make this quintessential reggae.
 4. **Laughing Clowns**, *The Laughing Clowns*
Launching board for Ed Kuepper to share his tormented psychosis.
 5. **The The**, *Infected*
Captured the whole decade in his words and layers of music.
- Worst
1. **Screwdriver**, Anything
I wish Rambo would get a hold of them.
2. **MOD**, *USA for MOD*
Screwdriver wanna-bes.
3. **Iggy Pop**, *Bla Bla Bla*
Exactly.
4. **Iggy Pop**, *Cold Metal*
The greatest comeback since Paul Anka's 'You're Having My Baby'.
5. **Forgotten Rebels**, Anything
Forgotten braincells. Tired old gobby-faced drunk musical illiterates.

Dan Tierney, (with a little help from the)

- Hodads
Best
1. **Psychedelic Furs**, *Talk Talk Talk*
We like the imagery of *Into You Like A Train*
2. **Timbuk 3**, *Edge of Alegrance*
Because the girl's taller than the guy.
3. **Screaming Blue Messiahs**, *Gunshy*
'Cause the guy's got a haircut like Paul Gott.
4. **Godfathers**, *More Songs About Love and Hate*
Because it's in my pocket.
5. **Tragically Hip**, *Up To Here*
Because they were tragically complimentary to us.
Worst
1. **Sugarcubes**, *Life's Too Good*
It's bad for your teeth.
2. **Marianne Faithful**, *Strange Weather*
Sounds like she's been dead a couple of years.
3. **Graham Parker**, Anything
Because he wears sunglasses.
4. **Weddings Parties Anything**, Anything
They aren't choosy enough about where they'll play.
5. **Cowboy Junkies**, *The Trinity Sessions*
Because Sandi forgot to shoot Margo with her pea shooter and wake her up in concert.

Jenny Ross, Montreal Mirror



- Best
1. **Deja Voodoo**, Anything
Or anything else from OG records.
2. **The Fall**, Anything
3. **Chalk Circle**, *Kaleidoscope World*
4. **The Russian Chamber Chorus**, *Russian Sacred Music from the Twelfth to the Twentieth Century*
5. **The Russian Chamber Chorus**, *Tibetan Sacred Music*
Worst
1. **Reflex**, *The Politics of Dancing*
Forgettable? I took them to The Beat once and recently spent months trying to remember who they were.
2. **Gene Loves Jezebel**, *Desire*
Travesty: Look it up in the dictionary.
3. **Jonathan Richman**, Anything
Wet the bunk at camp. Alternative Manilowe.
4. **David Bowie**, *Never Let Me Down*
He's cheap, didn't go to his brother's funeral, and worse—wrote this.
5. **Jane Siberry**, *Speckless Sky*
Kate Bush at eleven. Kate Bush at 78. Grow up, fuck. Take steroids.

Mark Lepage, The Gazette

- Best
1. **Replacements**, *Tim*
Drunken rock with brains.

2. **Pogues**, *Poguetry in Motion*
Even drunker poets with brains.
 3. **Husker Du**, *Candy Apple Grey*
A great soundtrack for mass transit angst.
 4. **REM**, *Murmur*
They'll call me a wimp, but it's a great album.
 5. **Jerry Jerry and The Sons of Rhythm Orchestra**, *Battle Hymn of the Apartment*
It's got everything I want in the most twisted possible way.
- Worst
1. **Smiths**, Anything
Johnny Marr is great but Morrissey is insufferable.
2. **Soundgarden**, *Louder Than Love*
As Wayne from *Wayne's World* would say "It's bogi".
3. **DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince**
Without the Village Voice double talk, most of rap is empty.
4. **Pet Shop Boys**, *Actually*
The epitome of rock critic music.
5. **Sinead O'Connor**, Anything
Sacrificial lamb for the artificial new woman in rock movement.

Kelly, Northern Vultures, etc.

- Best
1. **Jane's Addiction**, *Nothing Shocking*
Aagh!
2. **Fugazi**, *Margin Walker*
Sitting in the Waiting Room is amazing.
3. **Dead Kennedys**, *Frankenchrist & Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables*
Because they're the Dead Kennedys.
4. **Bunchofuckingools**, Anything
Their TV smash mayhem rules.
5. **Voivod**, *Nothingface*
Damn those boys from Jonquiere.
Worst
1. **Soundgarden**, *Louder Than Love*
I didn't like it when Led Zep did it.
2. **Fugazi**, *Margin Walker*
Everything else sounds like *Sitting in the Waiting Room*.
3. **GG Allin**, Anything
Oh shit.
4. **Anti Pasti**, *(2nd album)*
Keyboards! Ugh, I got ripped off.
5. **Rolling Stones**, Anything in the 80's
I'm totally hyper-sensitized to them after that Big O show.

David James

- Best
1. **Bauhaus**, *In The Flat Field*
Nothing blew my mind like this since the

- Stooges.
2. **Killing Joke**, *Killing Joke*
Everything that industrial music claims to do, this record does.
3. **Psychedelic Furs**, *Psychedelic Furs*
It's easy to forget now, but these guys really were great once.
4. **Mission of Burma**, *The Horrible Truth About...*
More aggressive than Sonic Youth, louder than Live Skull, more musical than Flipper...
5. **Joan Jett**, *I Love Rock 'n Roll*
A sentimental favourite from the Queen of Rock 'n Roll.
Worst
1. **Laibach**, *Let It Be*
Unbelievably awful, dreary, pretentious and ludicrously over-the-top for artsy and gothic types.
2. **Sting**, *Nothing Like the Sun*
It's nice he's going to save the environment, but that doesn't excuse this slop.
3. **Succsex**, *Sex Machine*
On behalf of the entire city of Toronto, I apologize.
4. **Sham 69**, *Volunteers*
A sadly lame comeback attempt.
5. **U2**, *Desire*
A blatant and pathetic rip-off of The Stooges' 1969. If I were Iggy, I'd sue.

Bob McCarthy

- Best
1. **Schooly D**, *Am I Black Enough For You?*
Way funky super-bad insta-groove.
2. **The Lyres**, *Live 1983: Let's Have A Party*
In which the Lyres live their Rock Dream.
3. **Beleza Tropical**, *Brazil Classics I*
Play in bedroom for maximum effect.
4. **Fred Lane**, *From The One That Cut You*
Frank Sinatra + Ornette Coleman = Fred Lane.
5. **Ivo Papasov & Bulgarian Wedding Dance Band**, *Orpheus Ascending*
The closest thing to the Specialists in Bulgaria.
Worst
1. **Ajo & the Hungry Boys**, *Ride an Elephant*
An earnest, lame white elephant, that is.
2. **Alannah Myles**, *Alannah Myles*
What won't she do to be a star?
3. **Chalk Circle**, Anything
Will be heard at a PoliSci party near you.
4. **Skid Row**, Anything
Bon Jovi wannabes.
5. **Bon Jovi**, *(latest LP)*
Living on his hair.



PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

corner...

Mac: We'd all be on the same side!

Les: Yeah. It's not like if we were preaching maoism or communism...

Mac: It's not dogmatic, but it is very aggressive from a very personal point of view. We're not preaching, but you can see our views in our songs and I think a lot of people could identify with what we're saying.

RearGarde: It wouldn't bother you to be supporting a big company, to have them make money from your music, to be just an employee?

Mac: For better or for worse, there's always someone making money off your music, whether it's a promoter or a record store or an indie label. What the hell does it matter who it is? There's always a price you have to pay, but you've got to do what you set out to do, communicate your ideas and stay alive. Take the best deal you can.

Steve: As far as being an employee goes, if I could trade my job, washing dishes for surviving by making music, I'd do it. Either way I'm an employee. One way I'm just a dishwasher, the other way I could be changing someone's life by exposing them to a new idea.

Mac: Yeah, and even on major labels, the people who have the real creative ability and talent are never really employees. If you are doing something good there's always someone who will see it and support you. Like Elvis Costello, for instance, if his label said "Your music is too harsh, and your lyrics are too political, change them or we won't put out your record," he'd probably say "Fuck

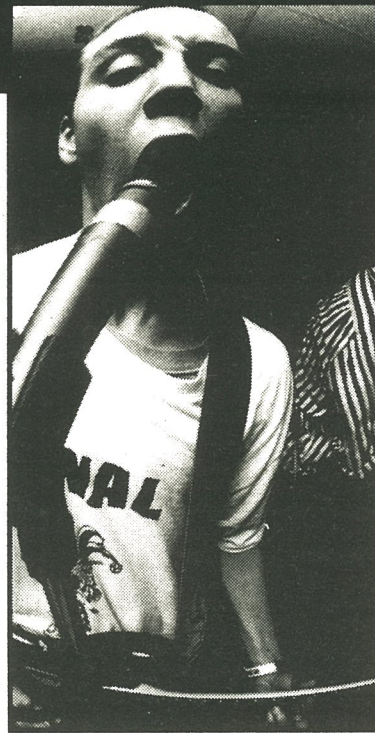


PHOTO: DAG

who end up selling real estate for a living—sitting back, doing nothing, and making a fortune.

Steve: I think a band deserves to get whatever people will pay to see them.

Mac: You mean if a band can ask \$30 for a ticket and fill a stadium they deserve the money.

Steve: Yeah. But the thing that makes bands really special is when they don't ask for that much money even though they could. I think the ideal band in that respect is Fugazi. They say "If you can't charge less than \$5 at the door, then forget it."

RearGarde: What do you think of the other bands in Ottawa?

Les: I'd say there are a whole lot of Ottawa bands that are really good and get ignored.

Mac: You've got world class bands, like Furnace Face, who get totally ignored. It's kind of like a fire test in a way. If you don't really love doing it, you won't last; but if you do last, you'll be amazing. A lot of bands who could get fairly popular and well paid in Montreal or Toronto just don't last here.

RearGarde: Who would you like to hear your music and would you change the music to have it heard?

Les: I would love to have it heard by young, upper middle class kids, and I definitely would not change the music. I think that an awful lot of these kids need to be shown that it's important to think. They need something abrasive like us to get them going.

Mac: I agree. I'd like to have our music exposed to those upper middle class kids because, the way society works now, they will be the people who run the world. There's now two ways about it—the sons of sweepers will be sweepers, and those kids who are spitting silver spoons are gonna run the world. If you can do something good to shape the way they are, more power to ya.

RearGarde: One thing you guys are known for is having a pretty healthy drinking habit. Do you think this is a positive thing? How do you relate to straight edge?

Steve: I like drinking. I think that I am more myself after a couple of beers... (preferably imported)

Mac: A couple? What a sissy! Ha!

Steve: I do some pretty crazy things, but I don't go around ruining other people's lives or trashing shows or anything.

Les: I have more fun when I drink when I'm out, but I have no problem at all with people who don't want to drink; I have a lot of respect for them.

Mac: I think I drink as an escape, but also because I love the 'myth' of rock'n'roll. I love the image, the feeling, and alcohol is definitely a part of that. Some people may think that's pathetic, but maybe they should think about the reasons that they do things they do—it can really be surprising.

Interview conducted by Richard Tate.

The Trapt

The Trapt are Ottawa's oldest surviving punk band. They've been on the Ottawa scene for as long as ya can remember—now going into their fourth year of Clash/S.L.F.-style aggressive melodies. Their latest lineup change sees guitarist Colin split to the land of Oz, and drummer James take a sabbatical from the band. Filling in are Steve on guitars and Gord (ex-Honest Injun) on drums.

They have a four-track seven-inch single called *A Minute Late... A Dollar Short* since they've finally gotten their act together and put this vinyl out, I guess they deserve this indepth exposé. The Trapt also have a dozen-odd tracks in the can for an upcoming LP. This interview was done at 2:30 in the morning in Les' bedroom after a good deal of drinking, dancing and a confrontation with a bunch of nazi-skins—a real rock 'n' roll evening.

The Trapt are Malcolm (guitar and vocals), Steve (guitar and vocals), and Les (bass and vocals). Gord (drums and vocals) wasn't around.

RearGarde: What kind of music do you guys listen to?

Les: My favourite kind of music? It's rockabilly! And old punk. Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent, the Clash and the Stranglers... that's what I'm really into.

Steve: ...A lot of stuff that's come out of D.C.; Minor Threat, Dag Nasty, Rites of Spring, Descendents...

Mac: I think we've heard quite enough from you already!

Steve: ...Husker Du are definitely a big one.

Mac: I like reggae, and old punk rock, especially S.L.F. and the Clash. I also like the Who a lot, because their lyrics are intelligent and 'cause they were rowdy. RearGardeless, I think we all tend to end up listening to whatever Les is into at the moment—like rockabilly or soul music. I wish I could sing like Otis Redding.

RearGarde: What kind of music do you play?

Les: Kinda hardcore rock'n'roll... I guess. I try and put my influences into the music, melody.

Steve: I play whatever the Trapt tells me to play. Ha!

Mac: We play rock and roll songs but we play them a little too fast and a little too loud. More complicated than most hardcore, but with the same feeling.

RearGarde: Would you like your music to become very popular, in a mainstream sense?

Les: I would like to be able to live off the music and that's all, that's it. Bein' rich, well, I could live with that, but I'm not worried about it.

RearGarde: Would you like to be an influence on culture? Do you want to make people think about things that you think about?

Les: I think there is no culture anymore in this band, though. Mac writes the songs and he writes the lyrics, and we just do the best we can to back him up. If we were forced to defend them (the lyrics) there'd be no problem because we all have pretty much the same attitudes, so if we were shoved in a

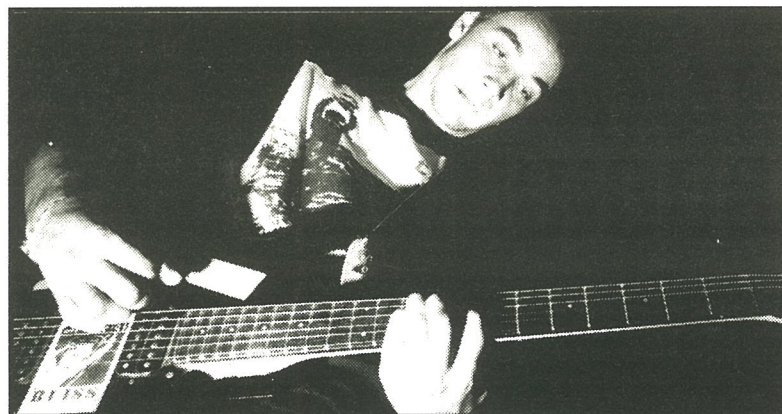


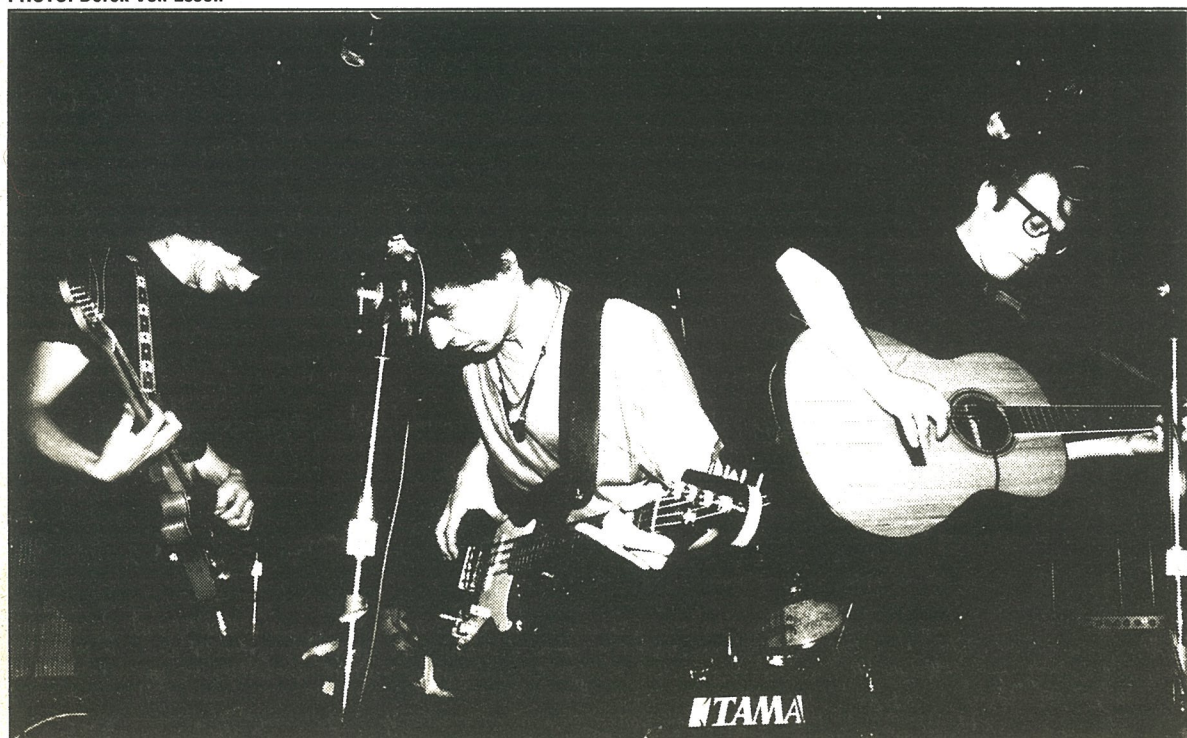
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

you, I'm gonna go and find another label." I think that's why you see a lot more "manufactured" stars now, like Tiffany and Bobby Brown. They have no talent, so record companies just tell them what to do and they do it. It's like microwave popcorn—its market researched and risk-free. That's why there hasn't been a Bob Dylan or a Joe Strummer in the 80's. The industry has discovered that

get paid the huge sums of money that they do? And if they didn't, do you think rock would still have an attraction?

Les: Well the money doesn't bother me very much. What I'd like is to be able to record an album and have it released right away, instead of waiting a year or two. It seems to me, that the people who are the first to criticize a band for making money are always the people

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen



I've always been partial to loud fast guitars and if there is any kind of atonal feed back, even better. As a result it's been difficult for me to seriously appreciate the Cowboy Junkies, Blue Rodeo and any other Nashville North types.

This said, I can't really deny that I've left myself wide open for some serious finger pointing for the fact that I think Scott B. Sympathy is one of Toronto's best live bands. Members of the band all come from other Toronto groups. Scott plays bass in Groovy Religion, guitarist Ian Blurton heads up his own Change of Heart, John Borra once played bass with now defunct A Neon Rome, slide guitarist Gordon Cummin at one time fronted the now internationally recognized and also defunct The Lawn, and I first came across drummer Terrence Carter in a band called Varis Tumbley.

I've done three separate interviews with Scott B. The first one was a journalistic disaster because I didn't have a tape recorder and when the editor told me to find better quotes I had no place to look for them. At that time, Scott was a solo act playing regularly at the Cameron House for free, as in No Cover. It was just him, his acoustic guitar fed with a pick up, some effects and Dave Ecco, Toronto's nicest soundman. From those historic sessions came *The End of The Day*, a tape of nine tunes Scott released himself and

probably one of the best indie tapes released that year.

So you're probably saying to yourself: "Why didn't I hear about it?" Well, because not all great things are advertised in the pages of *Spin Magazine*. I used to do laundry with the tape on my walkman. That's a compliment. Really.

The second interview was kept for over a year out of laziness and is partially included here. The third was basically an update and is also included here. So let's get on with the interview part of this article...

Scott B. has been living in Toronto—on Queen Street as a matter of fact—for about seven years. He's been writing and singing his own songs for even longer. He grew up in Brantford, Ontario (so give him a break) and actually spent some time in London, Ontario. When he first came to Toronto he was playing in a punk-rock band called The Wages and they played the infamous Turning Point a few times.

When that band broke up he joined this neighbor of his, William New, in a band they affectionately called Groovy Religion. They did an album that almost went platinum behind the Iron Curtain and Scott started to get famous. He soon appeared on Brave New Waves and stopped speaking to me in public.

So you're probably thinking he's one of

Anal Chinook are a five-piece from Ottawa. They have been together for two years even though they have gone through two singers, two bassists and three drummers. Their music has been described as a hamburger with **Black Sabbath** being the burger and **Rudimentary Peni** and **The Meatmen** the buns. They are infamous for stealing the show and rely on gimmicks a little bit more than music.

Anal Chinook are Gavin (vocals), Blake (guitar/vocals), John (bass), Mark (guitar/vocals) and Aidan (drums).

RearGarde: Okay, let's get the lame questions out of the way: What's with the name?

Blake: The main thing is shock value; but it's also along the same lines as Shakespeare, in that he used foul imagery to show corruption.

Gavin: It's just a fart. Chinook is a warm wind.

RearGarde: How long have you guys been around?

Blake: More than two years. Our first gig was at One Step Beyond about two years ago.

RearGarde: How do you describe your music?

Blake: Punk.

Gavin: Yeah. You can classify our music as punk rock.

Aidan: It's too slow.

RearGarde: Do you have anything recorded?

Blake: No. That's our main problem. Trying to get money and trying to understand my four track. As soon as we do we will feed the world with our music.

RearGarde: I heard you guys got a lot of money for a show and made T-shirts instead of recording, and the shirts are still in the back of Mark's car.

Blake: Most of the money we make from gigs goes to our expensive crack habit. Although we're getting into that new drug—"ice."

Gavin: We'll sell them real soon. It follows our belief that appearance is more important than music.

RearGarde: That leads me to my next question: What's with the gimmicks—the dresses, the costumes, lacrosse sticks, bovine entrails, mannequins, chest paint...

John: I'll handle that one. As the **Anal Chinook** philosophy was explained to me, it involves covering the musical inadequacy of the band with gimmicks, on stage shenanigans and displays of school-boy heroics.

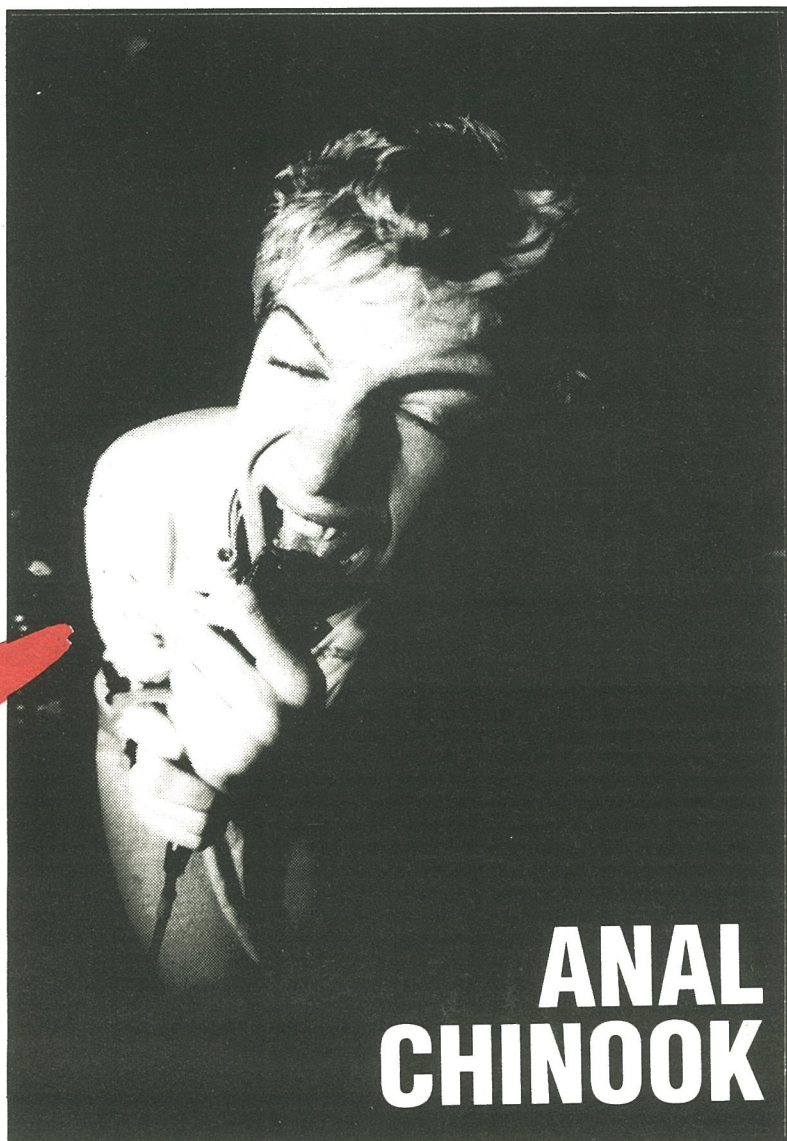
RearGarde: Are you a virgin?

John: Yes.

Gavin: We all are. We're Ottawa's first all virgin band.

RearGarde: Mark and Blake are the only two original members left in the band. How did this new lineup come about?

Mark: We went from Tom on vocals to Peter to Gavin, from Andy on drums to Peter to



Aidan and from Morty on bass to John.

Gavin: We're no longer a suburban band because most of our new members live downtown. Despite this new status symbol we're all still virgins.

Blake: Hey, wait. You left out stuff. Tommy didn't complement the band's desires so we killed him. We dropped Peter for Aidan because he's the ugliest man in music since Roy Orbison.

Gavin: A rotting corpse?

Blake: Morty was a really important part of the band because he knew a lot of technical stuff and he also did a lot of carrying. Mark and I used to sit on our asses while he would

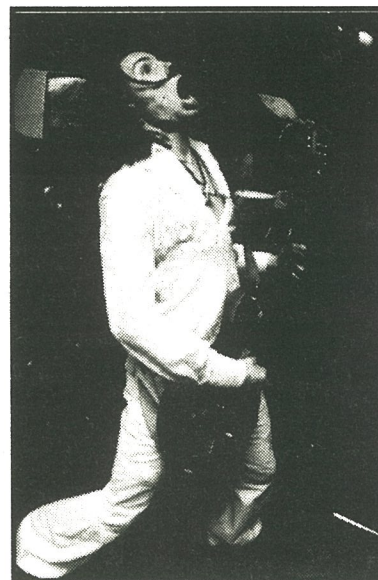
set up. Gavin and Aidan are our first punk rockers and they help hide our lack of talent.

RearGarde: What's different about the new **Anal Chinook**?

Blake: Better musicians and a more diversified range of influences. That provides a lot of excitement when we're constructing new songs. In the past we dealt predominantly with the big issues and they were too impersonal.

RearGarde: So your lyrics are different now?

Gavin: I think if you're trying to tell someone something it shouldn't be something they already know. I hate when **Flux of Pink**



Indians say "war is stupid, war is painful." I mean, you could say that to George Bush and he'd agree. The only things I think that our audience doesn't know is: fighting is about insecurity, and women are systematically and seriously oppressed in the world and in our scene. I also think our audience could do with and *Institutionalized*-type song because being young is about being angry and confused.

Blake: I don't agree. If the issue is still there, then it's worth talking about. People who think it's just cliché to talk about those things don't really understand the magnitude of the problem.

RearGarde: What do you think about the scene in Ottawa?

Blake: There are a lot of talented bands with creative ideas floating around the Nation's Capital but the lack of venues stops people from getting established.

Gavin: We've been playing a lot of clubs recently and I hate them. We're not invited back to any of them because of our punkness.

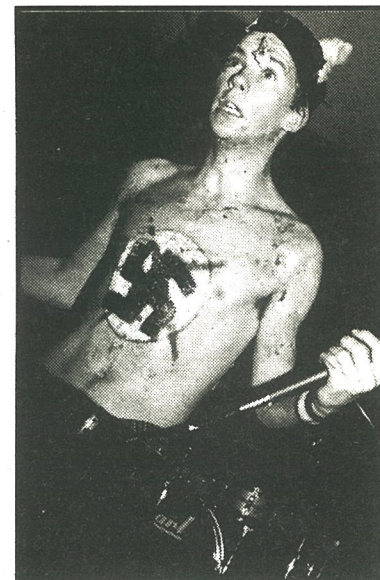
RearGarde: Like what?

Gavin: Blake and I were fucking each other (or pretending to) at **The Downstairs Club** and we were spitting on each other and fighting at **Zaphod Beeblebrox**. Most people can't handle punk rock, because if you're content with the world then you get shocked instead of angry. Do you know what I mean?

RearGarde: What are the band's future goals and ambitions?

Aidan: Work hard to make money to drink beer. Beer is good got to keep going, moving, never stagnating.

Blake: I want to quit the band and become a



dermatologist... No, I want to become a welder. This will all be tough because I'm a habitual masturbator.

John: I hate masturbation. I think it's wrong.

Gavin: (singing) If love is a criiiiime I'm doin tiiiiiiie cuz I'm guilty of love in the first degree.

RearGarde: John and Aidan, what experience do you have coming into the band?

Aidan: **The Trapt** (vocals), **God's Gift** (drums), **Agitation** (drums) and probably more, but I can't remember right now.

John: **Rocktopus**. I played with Simon (Stimey) since we were fifteen. I left in 1987.

RearGarde: Do you guys support the politics of the band?

Aidan: I don't like the song *Beer* because Red Baron isn't my favourite beer.

John: Feminism yes, but I am circumcized and don't have a fixation about losing my foreskin.

Gavin: Ask me about Montreal.

RearGarde: Any last words about Montreal?

Gavin: No.

Aidan: No, me neither.

John: No.

Gavin: Yeah actually, I love *RearGarde* and I don't understand why it's over. It's definitely a major blow to youth in the war against punk. We played in Montreal once at La Terrace and the people were really cool and put us up that night. Foufounes is cool if you're not wearing Doc Martens.

Blake: What a stupid line to end with.

Interview conducted by DAG.

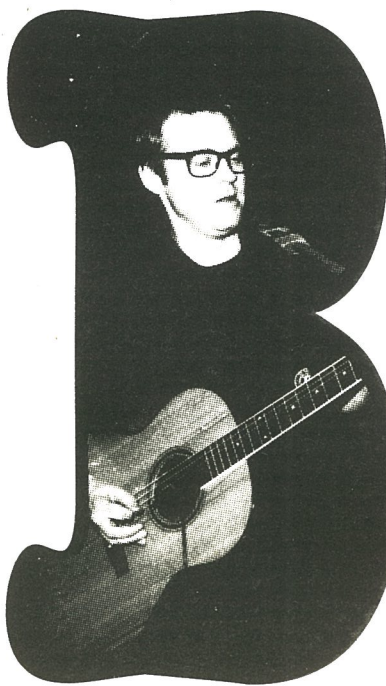
PHOTO: 1 & 2: DAG; 3: Shawn Scallen

these Queen Street Hipsters or something. That's just it, he isn't. His band members don't wear leather, much. They all have relatively short hair and faces only a mother could love. Most importantly, they smile and say hello to just about anybody, except rockstars and me. Live, this band gives you the most honest, fun, rock music this side of Winnipeg. So the guitar solos get a little long; I never saw the **Allman Brothers** or **Crazy Horse**.

Scott B.: It's like a kind of raindance or something... yeah, that's it, a fucking raindance. I mean, we don't practice much, but if you think of the stage hours that this band has collectively, it's pretty easy to do whatever we want. The kind of chemistry this band seems to have is really amazing. I've never had to tell anyone in this band how to play something. We never step on each other's toes.

RearGarde: That's really something if you consider the egos you might have in this band.

Scott B.: I have a lot of respect for all the members of this band. They've been working hard playing music and all of them are in it for the right reasons. I hope my songs can help their songs to continue. They're only into it because of the music and it shows in their playing. They play with a lot of mean-



ing and soul.

RearGarde: Let's talk about your scattered history.

Scott B.: I started playing garage rock because I was a bad player. But back when I was sixteen, **Neil Young** had a hit with *Cinnamon Girl*, so I got the idea that it was cool to do both folk and rock. When I was 19 and living in London I went to a lot of Coffee Houses and saw people like **David Essig** and **Willie P. Bennett**. They were all very inspirational to me. **Willie P. Bennett** is one of my favorite songwriters. He writes with a great deal of objectivity and he's also irreverent as hell. I like that—dichotomy is good in an artist.

RearGarde: I guess dichotomy is a pretty important word for you.

Scott B.: Yeah... For a while, though, it was pretty hard doing both rock and folk. It was especially hard during the punk and new wave eras to find a voice and suppress my folk and blues tendencies. Back then there wasn't as much emphasis on songwriting.

RearGarde: You have a record coming out?

Scott B.: Yeah and a video. The record is going to be called *neil yonge street*.

RearGarde: That's a pretty funny name.

Scott B.: William [New] came up with it, just like the name for the *Sympathy*. He's really good with names. It's especially good because we don't sound at all like Neil Young.

(True) It's not a tribute in any way, but the more I think about it I guess it's a nod in that direction. It's a good thing to talk about at interviews.

RearGarde: Would you call yourself a folk musician?

Scott B.: Yeah, of sorts. But I don't think I'm a folk musician in the way that most people think of folk musicians. I'd say I'm just as much a pop musician.

RearGarde: But that's an even vaguer term.

Scott B.: That's good. It's better to keep it open. People used to say that **Groovy Religion** was a mutant-blues band. What does that mean?

RearGarde: What would you say is the general theme of the songs on your upcoming record?

Scott B.: Getting through your twenties. Growing up and finding out that you have to come to terms with yourself, as well as others. I like to write about people and relationships.

RearGarde: What about politics? I mean, you usually associate folk musicians with this political cause or that.

Scott B.: I look at politics as a personal thing. **RearGarde:** That's pretty Canadian.

Scott B.: Yeah, the ultimate fence sitter. If I was politically-minded I would have gotten into politics. I'm not someone who likes to get opinionated about things like that. There

are enough of those people out there. I used to be like that, but not anymore. I'm not good at it. I liken my writing to more like painting rather than a written treatise or critique. My lyrics are more playful than that. My music seems a little more lofty than it really is.

RearGarde: A lot of your songs have been around a long time.

Scott B.: That's how I gauge a song. If it sticks around a long time then it's a keeper. *Motel Junk*, for instance, has been around since '81. Sometimes old tunes creep back in, like *Avante Garde Bold*, this funk/rap thing that I've been trying to get rid of. But the band likes it, so it stays. This band is really into long groove things. (*No Shirt*). That's what's encouraging about music: if you stick it out long enough you're bound to get better at it.

RearGarde: What about people like Dylan, who seem to be getting worse.

Scott B.: Well... you gotta understand the incredible muse that these people had.

RearGarde: Have you reached that yet?

Scott B.: No, I'm a late bloomer. I haven't really reached my full potential yet. I feel very young in that sense. I'm not in any rush though. Some of my favourite artists wrote their best work at a late age. I mean, let's face it, we're all getting older. Rock Music doesn't belong to the young anymore.

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro.

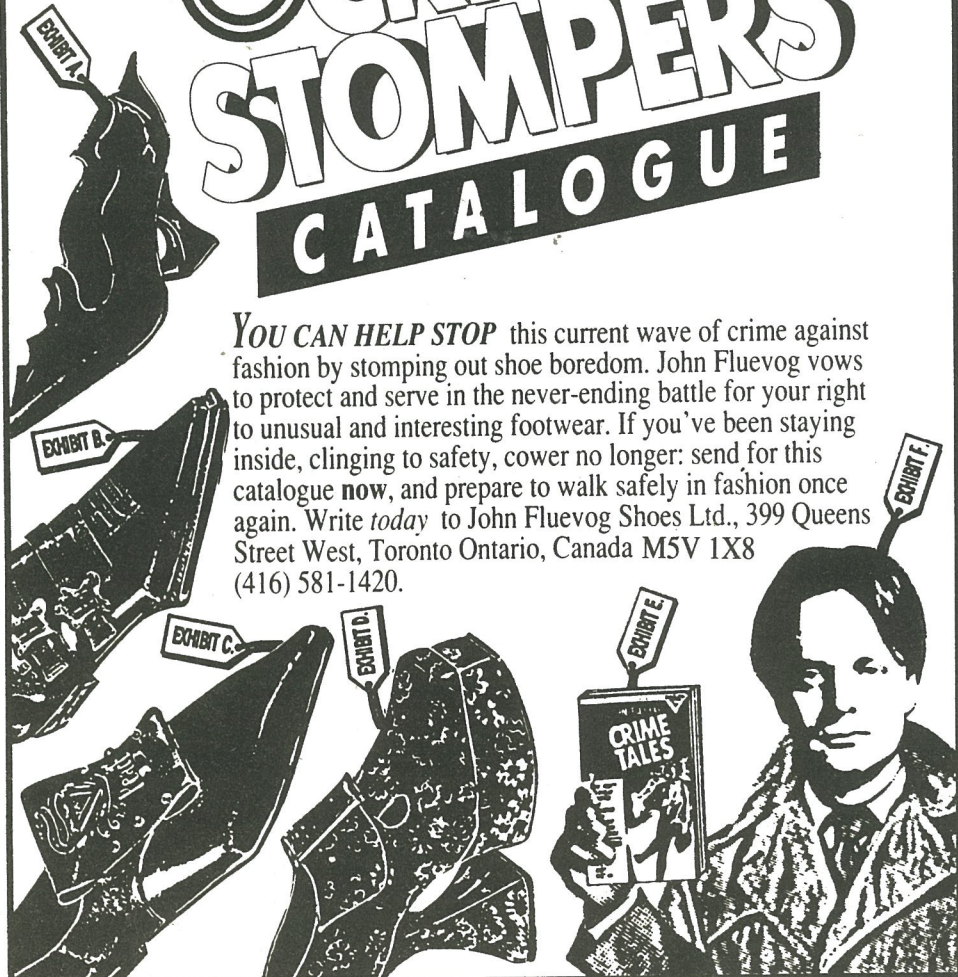
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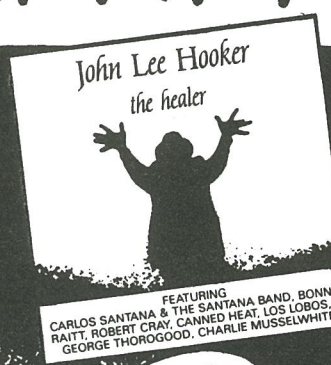
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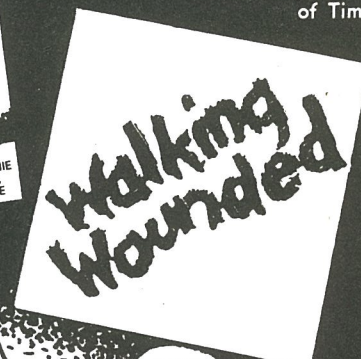
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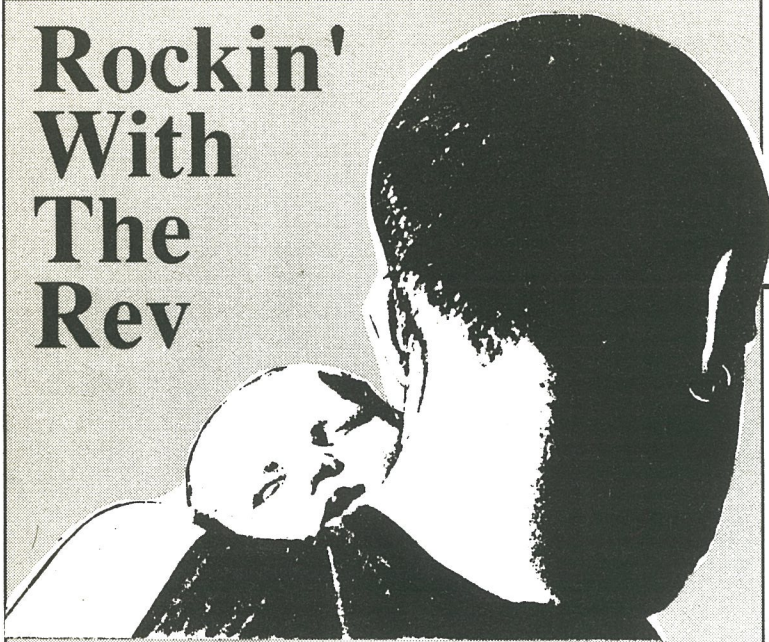
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Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, a few years back, there was a Right Fine movie out directed by that Holy Man, Brother Spielberg. This film went by the name of *The Colour Purple*. Now, as y'all might recall, The Masses flocked like the meek sheep that you're all are, and lined up by the multitudes to see this Fine Feathered Flick. Ever stop to consider just why in tarnation this movie was so popular? Nope. Good. Well, see friends, the Rev here is True in His Belief that the film's title struck a deep chord within The Masses. See, deep down within everybody, there's a Little Splatter of Good just aching to get out and Do The Righteous Thing. This Little Splatter recognized that *The Colour Purple* is A Good Thing, or why else would all the High-Up Men of The Cloth wear the gosh-darned colour all the time. And this is why Punk Rock was a Good Thing.

Friends, have you ever in your God-Forsaken lives blundered into a Tacky Tourist Shoppe in downtown Wherever, and seen the postcards that read, "Greetings from London, England", and which have Ugly Punk Rockers giving you all the Divine Digital? Happens all the time. Now, before fleeing, screaming, from the aforementioned Shoppe, take one second to notice the colour of the Wild and Crazy Coiffes Screaming Out of these Friendly Peons. Its The Colour Purple. Mere coincidence, or just one more Slab of Concrete Evidence of Divine Intervention Hurling Its Way From Heaven, courtesy of The Right Big Guy In The Sky. But I digress.

Now, before y'all burn this month's Sermon From The Mount, just take a careful look around y'all. Notice how many Seemingly Innocent But Are Really Divine things there are all over the place. Purple Kool-Aid. Purple velvet. Purple Jello. Purple laces.

Notice how all the Aforementioned Sacraments have Right Big Religious Connotations. Rev. Jones went for the Purple Kool-Aid in a Big Way a few years back, and boy does He feel stupid now.

Elvis, the King of All Things Good, wore Purple Velvet all over the place, without even a hint of embarrassment.

Purple Jello does not come from the Jello Tree, as some Agents of Satan might have y'all believe. It's made and packaged in Tuscaloome, Ohio, home of The Vestibule of Fun Purple Food Products, Inc. If that ain't Christian, nothing is. The ol' Rev Himself's been Witness to thousands of Pilgrims doing the Hail Mary scene on the steps of The Vestibule, and receiving the Host in the form of a Fun Bowl of Purple Jello. And what a Wondrous Sight that was friends.

The last item on this Fun-Filled List is very important in these Days of Trial and Tribulation. Friends, people all this darn-tooting place like to classify y'all by the colour of your laces. Amongst all this Kitandkaboodle, not one word has been murmured about the Christ-Like Characteristics of Purple Laces. Next time you're on a bus, looking up at the ads and Getting Brain-Dead, look at Thine Neighbour's laces. If they're The Colour Purple, you can count yourself as being in the presence of Someone Special. Chances are they'll open their heart to you and offer you A Real Afterlife if only you'll smarten up and Get A Real Life. Happens all the time. But I digress.

Friends, it's winter out there. This much is obvious, but you wouldn't know it by looking at The Plebians' heads. See, in this Wild and Crazy and Definitely Unholy World, the prime consideration is to Be Cool. This is Not Good, if it interferes with the God-Given Sense of Common Sense. In these frigid days, it would Make Sense To Wear Warm Headgear. Instead, you see Plebians wearing baseball caps and other such Nefarious Things. Now if the Good Lord had wanted y'all to Deep-Freeze your brains in the first place, He would have stamped y'all with a big Frigidaire logo, and have you come with a Five Year Warranty.

It's like the Rolling Stones with their *Steel Wheels* Tour, which has got to be the most aptly-titled tour ever. See, friends, steel is grey and boring. Wheels never stop and are boring, too. Put together "grey", "boring", "without end" (no matter how many times you tell 'em to shut up), and "boring", and you get The Rolling Stones. They've got enough grey hairs, but don't even have enough Grey Matter, to offer Sensible Headgear. Sure, for 25 green things you can get a Steel Wheels baseball cap, but what good will that do you? You'll look Real Stupid, and You Will Get Real Cold. The Rev is just waiting for Spring Thaw to uncover all the Frozen Stiff Victims of this Unholy Plunder in the Spring Thaw, clutching their \$38 ticket stubs and wearing Stupid Hats. But I digress.

Here's how to Do the Righteous Thing. Go to New Brunswick. Proudly stride into the first Irving gas station you see. In a loud, clear, proud voice, show the world that you are Not A Victim, and ask the attendant for an Irving Toque. Irving Toques are Good Things. They come in one size. Big. They come in one style. Righteous. They're made from Petroleum By-product. They have a warning stitched into The Toque, warning the Proud Owner not to stand next to Extreme Heat, or else their head'll catch on fire. Friends, how in Lord's Exultation is anyone's head going to catch on fire when it's -40 degrees? This is yet another sign of the Divine Nature of the Irving Toque. Yes, you say, Irving Toques are Practical, Warm, and Divine, but are they Cool?

Friends, the ol' Rev's gonna let you in on a little trade secret. See those Black Label ads being shoved in your face off the TV screen? You know, the ones with all the Cool People in Black Having Fun and Getting Drunk? If you look real close, you'll see they're wearing Irving Toques. They've made the commercial so it's Right Hard to see, but if you have a VCR, record it and play it back Real Slow. As the Right Good Book says, "Thou must open thine eyes up to the glory of the Token Toque, or else spend the rest of thy miserable lives with cold feet and cold heads." *Isiah 4:89*

Now friends, the previously-undisclosed nature of the Irving Toque leaves us all asking a few questions. Is K.C. Irving, the Man responsible for The Toque; is this man God? Maybe. Is New Brunswick, then, God's Land? Probably. Does God have lousy taste in land? Definitely. But I digress.

Friends, seeing is that this is the last Sermon From The Mount written by the Rev in the '80's, y'all are probably waiting for some fond reminiscences from the Rev, concerning the past decade. Nope. People boinked, God blinked, babies were born, and Rock'n'Roll never stopped. Amen.

7 Seconds Foufounes Electriques November 22

7 Seconds barrelled into town on their current North American tour and graced us with their presence, given the fact that they are only doing three Canadian dates. Although the crowd looked disappointingly small during the opening act's set, the place managed to fill up decently by the time the headliners took the stage.

Anyone who criticizes 7 Seconds for becoming softer and more commercial should have ventured out on this Wednesday evening to witness a revelation. From the seventh second of their set until the end, the band's set was full of intense energy and drive. Every song was given its appropriate punk edge and the crowd responded with spontaneous thrashing.

The band combined newer and older material, including highlights *Opinion of Feelings* and *Calendar* off the *New Wind* album. The crowd reacted to the songs by singing along with the choruses, and the singer, Kevin Seconds, willingly pointed the microphone at the youths who shouted along with him. Responding to joking cries of "You've gone commercial!" the band flew into their blistering cover of *99 Red Balloons*.

While the entire set lasted an hour, 7 Seconds came back and played two encores that ignited parts of the crowd into a slam-dancing frenzy. *Walk, Together, Rock Together* had the entire

Unbelievable yet true, Montreal was not skipped over as it has been so many times before. Though judging from the poor turnout, I'm afraid we're destined to be skipped over again.

Only about 60 people were witness to Montreal's best ska show of the year. Foufounes didn't want to book ska because they felt no one would show up for it. Then they saw how *Morgantaler* was attracting throngs of people so they decided to give it a shot. But I don't think they consider 60 people a good show.

Had this gone well, bands like **The Toast-** **ers,**



Doughboys
PHOTO: DAG

IN C

crowd singing along, while the closing oldie-but-goodie *Trust* reminded everyone that the band still had roots.

Inderbir Riar

DaWillys, Shlonk La Terrasse November 25

I am a young man, but lo! I am filled with questions...

—Why do bars insist on charging ridiculous prices for soft drinks when everyone drinks beer regardless?

—Why didn't the deejay switch to the *Ramones* cassette sooner, instead of subjecting us to that godawful prog-rock crap?

—Where in hell did Al of *Shlonk* get a jolly jumper suit that Big?

—Were those shocks that Al got from the metal dance floor a way of telling him something?

—If the sax player is going to do backup vocals as well, why not give her an extra mike instead of making her stoop over all the time?

—How many of Shlonk's numbers are rehearsed ahead of time, and how many are improvised on the spot?

—Is Al in any way related to Sam Kinison?

—How many of the people in the audience had heard of *DaWillys* before this gig?

—Why can't I come up with a better analogy than "Janis Joplin of the nineties" to describe the lead singer's amazing bluesy voice?

—Is the irony lost on anybody that so many white people are wearing *Public Enemy* t-shirts?

—Who taught the lead singer all that nifty french?

—Are danceable hardcore bands really this rare, or is *DaWillys* 'hardcore' in the first place?

—Their single had three songs and cost four dollars; Ottawa's *The Trapt* has a Four song single for Three dollars—wasn't free trade supposed to fix all of this?

—Did *Dave McIntyre* actually write this review?

Potato 5, Let's Go Bowling Foufounes November 15

What's this? A ska show in Montreal and it's not *Me, Mom and Morgantaler*? Two known, out-of-town ska bands playing here?

Bim Skala Bim and *Gangster Fun* would be playing here as we speak. Montreal's scene is small yet *Morgantaler* just a week earlier packed Foufounes to the rafters. Both *Potato 5* and *Let's go Bowling* (to be honest, and I always am honest), are better than *Morgantaler*, so what gives?

Well, the show was not properly advertised and it was on a Wednesday night... Don't get me wrong, the show was a great time and the scene may be small but is dedicated and becoming united. It's just too bad bands who deserve more didn't get it.

Anyway, back to the show. *Let's go Bowling* stole the evening with their hybrid, intense ska. Dancing was fast and furious and for once everyone had enough room. It's nice to see a band who not only plays ska but also believes in the lifestyle.

England's *Potato 5* although being "more mature" in the sense of playing experience than *Let's go Bowling*, were not as enjoyable musically. They were a bit too slow and a bit too reggae for my taste. Tunes like *Reburial* and *Shockers Rock* are great songs no matter how you slice them. Still, if I had to award the nite to one band, *Let's go Bowling* would get the honor.

Jolly John

Stratejackets, *Idées Noires*, *Kearney Lake Road*
Foufounes

November 30

This event was set-up to showcase some of the talent on D.T.K. Records (who at the time owed RearGarde money). (*Still do—ed.*)

Kearney Lake Road started off the show to a meager but lively crowd. I got there towards the end of their set (shows start earlier now at Foufs so they can fine bands for playing after midnight when they want to play all that mechano-shit). But, from what I saw of it, twas going over well and they were good. Your basic hard-rock with a dumb name—maybe it's an in-joke name. Maybe I'll start a band and call it 'rue Sanguinet' or something.

Idées Noires went on next and played a pretty short set to all of about nine people. They were decent too, but seemed to have been discouraged by the waning turnout. It's too bad people seem to be caught up with making appearances at "hip" shows, but won't be bothered to see lesser-known bands until they get bigger. More people should give new bands a chance.

Stratejackets went on last and people started coming in again. I've reviewed them before, so I won't describe their faster-but-kind-of-like-Sabbath-near-metal-heavy-rock again. Anyhow, they went down well, introduced some new numbers, had some really nifty t-shirts, and played all their standards. They should be back from tour as you read this, so go see 'em when they play again—their new songs are good, too.

NCERT

Erik

Doughboys, Sing Along With Tonto, Rocktopus Apocalypse Club November 12

I arrived in Toronto anticipating the *Doughboys*' Friday November 10th show but, upon being informed that there would be a Sunday night all-ages gig with openers *Rocktopus* and *Sing Along With Tonto*, I quickly altered my plans to attend. I was told the show would begin around 8:00, being Sunday and all. So I arrived at that time only to find a completely empty Apocalypse Club.

Over the next hour and a half the club steadily filled up, but *Rocktopus* was nowhere to be seen. Apparently they were on their way back from a fun-filled Montreal weekend playing *Club Soda* on Friday and seeing *Public Enemy* on Saturday. They finally showed up around 9:30 and within a few minutes, they hit the stage, pounding out a killer set of originals. Having not seen them for a few months, I was impressed at how much they have improved, with a special note on Simon, who actually moves on stage now. Bassist Bruce Gorgon combines a slap-chord technique that is on par with Flea of the *Red Hots*. Evident on such tunes as *Risk*, *Sacrifice* and a new one (introduced as *the New One*). The band kicks out a heavy jam of rock/hardcore/funk that cuts through the crap of the stagnant Toronto music scene. If this band isn't signed and touring soon, then there is no hope for Canada. One question though; does Simon ever wear anything but a *Rollins* t-shirt live?

Another young band that seems to be striving for greatness is *Sing Along With Tonto*, whose energy exceeds many. Perhaps a bit too fast for their own good at times. S.W.A.T. has come a long way since their first gig in May. Combining the metal edge of Dave Reed's guitar playing and a host of diverse influences, Tonto creates a musical image that is fresh and exciting. From the moment this band hits the stage, they are a non-stop powerhouse with vocalist Terry Moore running around like a chicken with its head cut off. Although they were allowed only a half-hour set, the crowd was with them all the way. These guys should not go unnoticed either because they

Feline Frenzy

Glynis Wilson is the editor of *Feline Frenzy* magazine (ergo, the column name), one of the focal points of Canada's garage music scene. FF can be reached c/o Glynis Wilson, 49 Dundonald St. #14, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1K3.

By Glynis Wilson

Mention "evolution" and the first thing that comes to mind is the missing link. I bet you didn't know that the missing link was discovered in 1963 and is found to be still alive today in the basements and garages of teenagers everywhere.

This is the link that chains vocals to instrumentals, rock to roll. Of course rock 'n roll was itself discovered in the early '50s, but at this time there were very few good vocalists/instrumentalists and many of these were first and foremost stylists, entertainers with style and flair rather than a specific musical talent. And with the discovery of instrumental rock 'n roll groups who blossomed in 1963 came to the realization that anyone can make a little noise and have a whole lot of fun.

All of a sudden, teenagers everywhere were pickin' up cheap instruments and gathering in neighbourhood garages and basements. By 1964 many of these bands were pressing records, getting local radio airplay and appearing on area T.V. teen dance shows. The heyday of the garage band was definitely 1966, when rock and roll bands gained huge followings and teens had roll models in the **Rolling Stones**, **Beatles**, **Animals** and the **Yardbirds**. But little did those teenagers know that all of their experimentation in mimicking their idols would lead into its own style of rock and roll. And so garage punk, the missing link was formed. It was the link between superstars and their followers and still is today.

Although it has been over 20 years since garage punk first began to happen (and not as garage punk then), it is still around today and in much the same form as in 1966. It steals heavily from the same type of rock that it did in the 60's (surf, R&B, psychedelia, blues, folk) and types of rock that have since been popular (especially punk). Canada's garage scene has evolved slowly and steadily since 1965 and very much has a sound of its own. Of course as all music influences are regional and garage punk from Montreal was very folky, Toronto very R&B/blues-y, and Vancouver mostly psychedelic.

Today, most of the Canadian garage punk is very aggressive, primitive and much cruder than the same types of music being played elsewhere in the world. Most of all it holds truer to its roots than it does anywhere else while at the same time it is still creative and energetic. Not many Canadian 60's bands had international recognition, especially not those who played garage punk but the 80's changed this, and the **Gruesomes**, **Canada Has the Evaporators**, **Smugglers**, **Chessmen**, **Captives**, **Frankenstein V**, **Groot Valours**, **Wanna Be's** and the **Vindicators**. A few of these bands have albums which are well worth picking up and are easily found in alternative record store indie bins. The following is a good list to start with.

The Gruesomes, *Hey* (Og Records)

The latest and rockiest LP to date features a full barrage of 60's influenced rock and roll styles, including: folk-rock, beat, surf and garage punk. An excellent example of how much a band can improve without really changing.

The Chessmen, *The Chessmen* (Zapp Records)

This is a self-titled LP from Hamilton's mod influenced garage punk band. A creative approach to something old hat with some good song writing.

Oh God, My Mom's On Channel 10, various (Nardwuar Records)

A compilation LP featuring many fine Canadian and American bands. **The Evaporators**, **Smugglers**, **Chessmen**, **Vindicators** and **Gruesomes** all have great cuts. This is one of the best compilations ever produced. Booklet included.

Mr. Garager's Neighbourhood, various (Og Records)

Another compilation album full of good stuff from both here and the U.S. Once again the Chessmen, Vindicators and Gruesomes are present but lots of other types of garage are represented as well from U.I.C., **Shark Graffiti**, the **Supreme Bagg Team**, **Legend Killers**, **Flying Squad** and **Drums Along The Gardiner**.

What Wave, *Wave From the Grave Vol. 1 & 2. Live In London, Garage, What's All The Fuzz About, Disraceland*.

All of the above are excellent tape compilations and many feature rare cuts of Canadian bands who never recorded on vinyl. Featuring: **The Purple Toads**, **Ungone**, **Mongrois**, **Monstereors**, **Cheshyres**, **Lost Patrol**, **Shark Graffiti**, **U.I.C.**, **Liquid Funeral**, **Flying Squad**, **Shadowy Men** and **Evil Hoodoos** to name just a few. All come with the *What Wave* fanzine.

could easily be the next Canadian export.

The **Doughboys**, having recently returned from a successful tour in Europe, came off extremely tight as usual. The addition of Paul Newman on drums has given the band new life and power, although they suffered slightly from the loss of Brock Pytel's vocals. Despite this, the band played an inspired set that included mega-versions of *I Remember* and *Senseless Murders*, plus a host of others from both albums. Unfortunately, none of the new tunes come close to anything on their first album. An unexpected version of *Lord, Won't You Buy Me A Mercedes Benz*, plus encores of *Sweet Home Alabama* and *Kiss's Love Her All I Can*, had the crowd singing along enthusiastically. The audience crowded the stage until every last note was finished before disbanding and nobody went away disappointed.

Steve Mills

The False Phropets, some silly old fool
The Pyramid, NYC
Sometime in December

The FP are not a band that I have paid much attention to over the years, but I figured that any band that is able to survive almost a decade in the extremely volatile hard-core scene must have some substance.

I missed the first couple of songs because I got held up in an interview with silly old fool. This was a special event for them, being Stephen's (lead singer and only original member) 29th birthday. The show consisted of material from both their albums plus quite a sampling of unreleased stuff, as it has been 3 years or so since their last LP.

This band is nothing if not sincere. Thematically they deal with a lot of the same

Texas
Horseshoe
October 16

A night of real anticipation. Hot on the heels of their album release *Southside*, Glasgow's **Texas** stormed into the Horseshoe. Fifteen dollar tickets completely sold out. A bluesy, country sound as big as all of Paris, Texas, the band played up a storm.

Lead singer Sharleen Spiteri, a real crackerjack dynamo on stage, and astonishingly tiny (in comparison to her look on video) seemed to achieve the impossible, singlehandedly lighting a spark in a Toronto crowd. Constant admonitions and calling for hands, "Is that the best you can do?" she yelled at the response as Texas began their surprising single this year—*I Don't Need a Lover*—finally engendered a real emotion out of the pack. A young band in the development, they adeptly adapt the glossy 60s sound of the album onto the floorboards.

Ally McElaine has conjured a cool slide guitar sound that's been compared to **Ry Cooder** but there's also a real

aggression in some of his licks. Admittedly it was a real pleasure to see bassist Johnny McElhone back in Toronto after seven years, remembering a time when another diminutive Glasgow singer Clare Grogan was leading **Altered Images** with her band including McElhone in tow at the Concert Hall.

The band worked hard throughout their one hour set showing off *Southside* and the facets of Spiteri's remarkable voice and Texas' roots in Stevie Wonder's *Living In The City* (because it reminded them of life in Glasgow) with two encores for good measure including an a cappella *Prayer For You* and the Stones' *Sympathy For the Devil*.

Texas have found their style, and a sound that evinces the great outdoors with that slide guitar and songs of heart-break and faith in relationships and lyrics to back it all up—"Your only future is promises/For so many years/Your only future is promises/I know you can make it if you try"—this is a band to keep your ear open for.

Bruce Lam

PHOTO: Bruce Lam

issues as a lot of the Discord groups, ie. strong sense of self-worth, individuality etc. Very tight band despite the constantly changing line up, which includes Steven

Taylor (Fuggs) and a violin player that give the band a distinct edge and flavoring.

There are no weak links in this band at all. At time hard and grinding, at others low key and pensive, switching from one to the other with such ease as to skillfully link the two without a hint of inconsistency. There is a lesson to be learned from this band that many other bands should take note of: That is, it is possible to maintain your musical integrity over a long period of time, still enjoy what you do (still believe in it) and entertain your audience. And if it means that you have to wash glasses in a club, then so be it.

Will Richards

Butthole Surfers
R.P.M.
October 17

Surely someone else will have their opinion to contribute but this third time through the Surfers left me more than underwhelmed—more like vaguely disappointed. No spark, no life, a diminishing number of Surfers to add to the show that was nothing more than films of an airplane hanger and a clinical film on the stages of syphilis which included what a baby with syphilis looks like. The show ended before I could decide to leave.

Bruce Lam

Go Four 3
Rivoli
October 20

Go Four 3 became Go Four 5 if just for one day. The welcome return of the Gophers since their last gig back in August, the departure of Ian Noble and entering now into the picture drummer from NEOA4. Tighter than ever with the other added presence of Chris Wardman (**Blue Peter**, **Breeding Ground** and producer now) on guitar, added to that solid crunch of Steve Quinn's psychedelic orange wall of guitar.

Gord Badanic was even more firm as usual given the experience of the drummer to work against. As usual the focus alighted on Roxanne Heichert with her keen sharp vocals and frenetic jumps and bounds on stage.

A song set that started off with the revamped *Save Me*, the first of two singles from their Zulu album of 1987 *Six Friends*, Go Four 3 showcased several "new" songs which have a tinge of social conscience—*Empty Pot*, *Colour of Money*, and some real hooky pop *Second Thought* or *Paint It Red*.

The dimensions of the songs have grown to indicate that Go Four 3 are set to rid themselves out of their cute and cuddly status to make that huge record that will once and for all break out of their Vancouver moulding.

Bruce Lam



Pixies.

PHOTO: Twilight

Pixies, Zulus
Spectrum
November 18

Do you want to know what pisses me off? Probably not, but I'm going to tell you anyway. Greedy promoters that book two shows the same night, charge too much for tickets, sell t-shirts at \$22 a shot, people that buy the t-shirts at \$22 each, and bald dictatorial editors that won't give me the space in this rag to write the scathing review that this originally was that would have brought the all the greed heads in the music industry to their knees.

But enough of what pisses me off. Okay, just one more thing that pisses me off—the opening band. Personally I shed no tears when John Bonham Died, marking the end off Led Zepelin. To have this shoved in my face again, only this time lacking in any of the originality and drive that made Led Zep bearable, is something that I would rather not deal with.

The heavy guitar sound of the '70s is the basic root of the Zulus music, but rather than take that sound and work with it as an element, as bands such as **Dinosaur Jr.** do, they simply regurgitate it as is. And, as with all kinds of vomit-

ing, it tastes a lot better the first time than it does when it comes back up. They appeared ill-at-ease on the stage, moving around awkwardly, really having to make an effort to cover up the banality of the songs. Go home, cut your hair and burn your Aerosmith records. Then burn yourselves.

The sound of the Pixies covers a broad range of sounds, from folk/pop to a pretty heavy guitar noise. This range is compressed somewhat on record but live they really let loose. One minute the crowd is whirling around like hundreds of spinning-tops on acid, the next they are swaying back and forth like people used to do in the seventies... you know, when Styx played their *Sensitive* songs. For the latter part of the show they played most of the material from *Doolittle*, which most of the crowd was familiar with.

What really impressed me about this band is that they don't have to do anything other than play the music to entertain their audience. No stage antics, nothing but great playing of well written songs. More vocals from the bass player would have been welcome as she has a great voice.

Will Richards

Workshy, *The Golden Mile*

Disneyworld is a care-free kind of place, where everyone, no matter what colour, sex, nationality, can go and have fun. There's a little-known rule, though. Visitors to Disneyworld must be happy campers. There's a Happy Squad which patrols the premises, looking for any signs of discontent. Any unhappy visitors are politely escorted to The Disneyworld Happy Camper Room, where they are strapped into chairs by smiling attendants. The walls are painted in soothing, happy pastel colours. Cotton Candy is force-fed to the hapless prisoners. **Workshy's** album oozes its way from the gaily-coloured speakers. (WEA)

Iain Cook

Shotgun Messiah, *Shotgun Messiah*

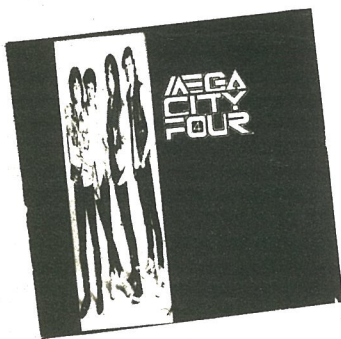
My daughter absolutely loved this record. Couldn't put it down, in fact. It was evident from the very start that she could really relate to these guys on an intellectual level. She's only 15 months old, but that didn't stop her from realizing that under the macho pig, womanizing, cock rock exterior, **Shotgun Messiah** are really four sensitive, caring young men who respect women and treat them like actual human beings. Fucking L.A. glam metal pigs should be castrated, disembowelled, and pissed-on. And then we kill 'em. (WEA)

Iain Cook

Mondo Stereo, Various

A supercomp to rival all supercomps! There hasn't been a hipper contemporary rock "Who's Who" collection that has generated so much excitement since say, the first *Rat Music* volume. From hype-dolls **Mudhoney's** riotous take on of the Dick's classic *Hate the Police* to the frail desperation and comedy of *What the World Needs Now is Love* done by who is most surely **Daniel Johnston** under a pseudonym, this collection is your ticket to godhead. Let me just drop names for you, they are all keen performers. **Sylvia Juncosa, Green, Beat Happening, Lazy Cowgirls, Of Cabbages and Kings, Halo of Flies.** Hey! Drop this rag now and send for this disc: like all hip things I understand that the guy only made 100 copies are so... (Tinnitus, P.O. Box M1842, Hoboken NJ 07030)

Wings Bacardi



Mega City Four, *Tranzophobia*

This band is so retro-Sound of '77 that I'm surprised they're not wearing leather pants, skinny little ties and short funny haircuts on the cover. And, if they're not from Britain, they need to be slapped for those fake-sounding accents. True, it's fast-movin', punk rockish, new wave-type stuff, but it ain't the **Damned**, or the **Jam** or any other great band from that era. We're into the 90's now but Mega City Four hasn't even found its way out of the 70's. Wimps, poseurs and imitators. (*Bondage, 17 rue de Montreuil, Paris, France 75011*).

Zippy

Shelly Thunder, *Fresh out the Pack*

To many club-goers chagrin, the re-cut of 1988's classic *Kuff* found on this LP has been trimmed to less than 4 minutes. A likely padding for a weaker debut album, *Fresh out the Pack* is satisfying to go without it. With strong talents in both Dancehall chatting and Hiphop, fused with Sidney Mills's pop sensibility, don't be

surprised if this becomes Ms. Thunders crossover success. Hook-clustered gems like *Break Up* and *Defence* may spearhead both the pop and mainstream R&B crowd as well as in the clubs. Also, respect due for crediting samples of *Car Wash* and *Teenager in Love*, setting a responsible example for young DJs everywhere. (*Mango, Island, 14 East 4th St., NY, NY. 1000012*).

Wings Bacardi



Thunder Rider, *Tales of Darkness and Light*

All hail the new Lords of medieval metal. Easily the best band in Canada since the glory years of Triumph, these musical sorcerors combine incantations of Tull, Deep Purple and the clothing of famous Norse viking Leif the Lucky. In the nineties, all bands will be judged by their press kit, so I'll get back to listening to my *Wizards and Demons* album from Uriah Heep and leave the last word to the band: "Fate has assembled four musicians to warn their audience of the dangers to befall them upon their choice of the incorrect path. Their music and lyrics clearly state the evil and destructive powers of Satan and his wars. The name was conceived to convey that Thunder Rider is the Lord's messenger. The operatic vocal stylings of singer Skull Blackwing, the soaring, melodic and lightning leads of guitarist Arion Axmun, accompanied by the thunderous combination of bassist Nick Stildream and drummer Pat Hammer generate all the electricity required to power Thunder Rider. Being a truly imaginative group, they have conceived a concept to rule their music, lyrics, stage show and apparell. At this time, the band of musicians named Thunder Rider are ready to take the world by storm." (*Dance Plant Records/Electric, 3447 Kennedy Road, unit 4, Scarborough, Ontario M1B 3S1*).

Sir Cheetah The Merciful

New York Scum Rock Live at CBGB'S, Various

Rock and roll in the 1980s became kinda like those generic, three-for-a-buck, packages of noodles. It doesn't matter which you buy—beef, chicken, crab or locust—because they all taste pretty much the same. Rock music, whether its in the death-by-lawn-furniture mainstream, where they manufacture new pop song product like processed cheese slices, or from the underworld, where they recycle and rehash leftovers, it still ends up sounding generic. Here's another 18 generic bands rolled off the underground assembly line with a new package and title—scum rock. But what you get are strictly leftovers...one of **Johnny Rotten's** old snot rags, a few rusty syringes stolen from **Johnny Thunders**, tail pipe exhaust from **Lou Reed's** Harley, and a generous helping of hair dye and scalp pus from Wattie of the **Exploited**. Amongst this rubble and rabble only the majorly rockin' **Da Willies** stand out, thanks to a bluesy female singer as gutsy as **Big Mama Thornton** or **Joplin**, but without Joplin's incredible skill at sometimes imitating a fork scraping a plate. Give this tape to your walrus I.Q. friends who think they're really wild and underground and used to send away for Sea Monkeys. (Did you know that Sea Monkeys were actually ultra-tiny brine shrimp, and came with an instruction manual on how you could teach them to jump through hoops. This tape is a similiar scam.)

Anyways, my package of beef-flavored Mr. Noodles is boiling over, and I've tried spicing it up with garlic, chilli peppers and even a Tonka toy, but no its still the same old, generic, scammer's delight brine shrimp. (*ROIR Cassettes, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, New York.*)

Uncle Punk Cheetah

Killdozer, *Twelve Point Buck*

Killdozer fans will certainly not have to worry about this band becoming more accessible on this release. The "music" is slow, grinding, full of stolen lyrics, frequently out of tune and contains the type of humour only people who laugh at car crashes can appreciate. *Twelve Point Buck* is ugly, brutal, demented and obnoxious. Hey! Just like life! (*Touch and Go Records, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Illinois, 60625*.)

Zippy

D*A*D, *No Fuel Left for the Pilgrims*

Rippin' rock 'n' roll by long-haired, cowboy booted, glam-trash punks from Denmark. They got the American thang down real good here. Strong vocals, good musicianship, but highly derivative. Comparison Dept: metal version of Jason and the Scorchers. (WEA)

Zippy

The D.O.C., *No One Can Do It Better*

An L.A. rapper who cops the bad-ass street attitude familiar to the West Coast rap scene. (Ice-T, N.W.A. etc.) What I like are the use of real instruments in combination with the sampling—and no synth-shit. D.O.C. also explores various styles of rap. One tune is kinda reggae-dub style, a couple are heavy metal rap, and other tunes are so damn funky! A lot of the lyrics are macho posing and posturing about what a tough guy D.O.C. is, but if you're dancing you probably won't pay too much attention to all the words. (*Ruthless/WEA*)

Zippy

Meat Puppets, *Monsters*

After a couple of releases that I thought were kinda boring. Meat Puppets are back with what I consider to be their best LP to date. Uptempo spacey rock with weird semi-surrealistic lyrics which make pretty good poetry on their own. (Check the kool liner notes and lyric sheet with funny cartoon doodles.) My fave tune on the album is a blistering speed-metal instrumental called *Flight of the Fire-Weasel*. Other songs are fairly mellow but have a constantly screamin' guitar subtly mixed into the background for that added subliminal dementia. Super-cool album cover too. (*SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, California, 90260*)

Zippy

The Hickoids, *Waltz A Crossdress Texas*

These guys are a barrel of laughs! They're a country rock joke band that sing songs about transvestite cowboys in Texas. And here I thought there couldn't possibly be any original ideas left in music. Throw this little disc on at any party and you'll have the whole place square dancin' to some really weird shit. (*Toxic Shock Records, P.O. Box 43787, Tucson, Arizona, 85733*.)

Zippy

Wasted Youth, *Black Daze*

I read a review in Flipside that said that this band had once been such a vital part of the hardcore scene and now are just another thrash metal band. I beg to differ. As a hardcore band L.A.'s Wasted Youth used to be pretty unremarkable. True they've been around in one form or another since 1981 and I suppose their sound was pretty fresh at the time. In 1981 though I was twelve years old and hardly aware of the existence of hardcore, let alone Wasted Youth. *Black Daze* is better than all their other stuff combined. With their new line-up they've managed to come up with the perfect fuck between metal and hardcore that I love so much. Ya know—the one that punks think

ON THE RECORD

is too metal and metalheads think is too punk. This is for people who love later period **Verbal Abuse**, **Necros, S.S.D.** and all those old HC bands that discovered that there was life after punk rock and that diversifying didn't necessarily mean selling out. Just to prove this point they do a killer version of **Van Halen's On Fire**. In 1990, this is hardcore. (*Medusa Records, 11264 Playa Court, Box 3628, Culver City, Cal. 92231-3628*).

John Coinner

Lee Harvey Oswald Band

I was told that this album sounded real **Butthole Surfers** like... dude. I think Butthole Surfers suck moose wang. Having said that I am happy to report that the Lee Harvey Oswald Band (I hate long names) sound nothing like Butthole. The distorted megaphone vocals could be linked I suppose to Gibby Butthole's style of "singing" and they are labelmates of the surfers, but that's pretty much where it ends. Musically this is straight ahead punk rock, closer to **Johnny Thunders**, or **The Weirdos** than anything else. A little bit dated for my tastes (including the name) but not bad when your in the mood for something nice and simple. Too bad about the vocals... (*Touch and Go P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Illinois 60625*)

John Coinner

Sick Of It All, Blood, Sweat, and No Tears **HARDCORE**. Four words: Sick-Of-It-All. An explosive debut album from this New York band. It seems of late that nobody is doing real "In your Face" hardcore anymore. All the bands have gone either metal, or pop, or glam rock, or the ever popular funk/rock/rap. I figured I'd have to wait for the next **Agnostic Front** LP for a good dose of crunching HC. The wait is over. This album absolutely rages! Roaring monster guitar riffs, big rumbling bass lines, and the best single bass drummer I've heard in a long time put this album in league bands like **Poison Idea**, **Age of Quarrel** era **Cro-Mags**, and **S.S. Decontrol**. The angry "don't fuck with me" lyrics are also a refreshing change from the run-of-the-mill "don't worry be happy" shit that a lot of bands are doing. This old world is ugly and Sick Of It All know it. Kris Parker aka **KRS-ONE** of **Boogie Down Productions** even gives them a tip of the hat when he introduces one of the songs. To quote: Spreading the hardcore reality in '89: Sick Of It All... Fresh for '89 (1990) you suckers. Too Cool. (*Ineffect, 18701 Henderson Ave, Hollis, NY, 11423*).

John Coinner

The New Breed, Various

This is a promotional sampler of bands on

the Roadracer/RC/Emergo/Hawker labels, all of which originate from the same company. The material is all from soon to be or just released albums by a fairly wide range of bands. Standout tracks include two cuts from Boston's **Wrecking Crew** including a great cover of a **Battalion of Saints** tune. A couple of good ones from **Gang Green**. And a great melodic **R.E.M.** kind of thing from a band called **Jones Very** led by ex-**Article of Faith** Vic Bondi. **Token Entry** offer the low point of this album. Once an above average HC band they really bite the big one trying to jump on the funk/rock band wagon. (*Roadrunner Records & Music Publishing, 225 Lafayette Street, suite 709, New York, NY 10012*)

John Coinner

No Empathy, *No Empathy*

This Chicago based band has been around for a good number of years and if I'm not mistaken this is their first album. Too bad it sucks. Without a doubt the cheesiest sounding hardcore album of the year. They try the rap shit, they try the metal shit. They even try the concept shit with a song that clocks in at close to fifteen minutes (or something). It all sounds like it's being played through one of those little radios you get when you're a kid. How garbage bands like **No Empathy** get record deals, while great bands like **Hazy Azure** and **Infamous Bastards** go on struggling just to get a demo out, is beyond me. (*Roadkill Records, P.O. Box 37, Prospect Heights, Illinois, USA 60070-0037*)

John Coinner

Hullabaloo, *Beat Until Stiff*

What this band really does is beat your brain until numb. Relentless raunch at deafening decibels. Comes bustin' outta the gate like early **Husker Du** or **Stooges**. Lotsa 'dirt' in these grooves. No slick production, the vocals are mixed unevenly and wailin' from the depths of Hell. Grinding, plodding, brain corroding guitars and some demented screeching trumpet just in case you have any ear drums left. This is music for Killdozer or Big Black fans who occasionally want to listen to something with a beat. (*Toxic Shock Records, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ, USA 85733*).

Zippy

Spaceman 3, *Playing With Fire*

I can't figure out if this is some kinda avant-garde, experimental, important music or contrived new-age nonsense. Either way, it's boring to death. (*Bomp Records, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA, USA 91510*).

Zippy

Ministry, The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by **BURNT BARFETT**

Before I go on with this month's pseudo literary bilge I would like to thank Keeth Kristmanuson for his first prize entry to last month's extremely successful tee shirt contest. Keeth get ready to enjoy your new RearGarde t-shirt among your family and friends. Everyone here at RearGarde winced at the suggestion that the dog's owners actually eat the shredded remains. That is a classic denouement for your opera of death. Thanks again!

Second prize, an autographed photo of myself, goes to someone on Powel St. in Mtl who forgot to attach their name to a post card of Edmonton. I hope you enjoy the photo, it fits on any regulation size dart board.

Because of last month's success we have decided to run another contest. Remember—first prize gets a free RearGarde t-shirt, and there is no right answer, just the most creative.

This month I would like to know what you think Erica M. keeps in her refrigerator. Send your entries to "bURNT's What's in Erica's Fridge? contest" c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Mtl. Quebec, H3G 2N4. Good Luck! Well now it's back to the regularly scheduled sludge.

One morning my disinfected family and I sat down to enjoy an environmentally positive breakfast in our second-rate kitchen. One of my favourite fixtures in the scoff den had to be our huge white refrigerator. It hummed like a bug in a small room with a hot lightbulb. And my grandfather found it necessary to provide a steady back beat with his foot. He was a very musical man and always dreamed of becoming a fancy-pants orchestra conductor. Unfortunately he could never find a baton big enough so he gave up his dream and dedicated his life to the preservation of annoying noises elderly people make when they've lost their minds.

I munched on brittle toast while my mother stared into the distance. My mother, famous for her staring talent took pride in the useless knowledge that she could stare without moving her lips. Elwood my dog was licking his dish and my grandmother was dead. She had been dead for three years.

My father breezed into the room and announced that he had decided to sell the family shoe store and dedicate his life to improving his vocabulary. The refrigerator stopped humming, my grandfather stopped tapping and Elwood kept on licking. Despite my ever constant and often embarrassing attempts to teach Elwood english, he remained a thoughtless inarticulate mutt. Finally my mother looked up from her blank stare, blinked twice and then collapsed onto the maple wooden table top with an elegant thud. It was her way of signalling utter disgust with life. She was a philosopher at heart.

My father went on to explain that owning a shoe store was a soulless profession. At this point in his life he needed, "An internal serenity that could only come from learning more words. I must satiate my inner thirst for wisdom and knowledge." I suggested he just buy a sports car.

He turned his back walked down the hall burbling about a universe of glorious little letters standing together and providing us with words. "Words, what a magnificent invention!" It was a disgusting sight and it looked like I'd have to take over the cruddy little shoe store. The thought of pandering to mobs of sweat-soaked feet made me sick; but the thought of being sick made me feel worse and I quickly slipped under the kitchen table and remained there for the rest of the day.

In no time at all life at home was an unbearable nightmare. My father sold the shoe store and became obsessed with increasing his vocabulary. He would strut around our pathetic excuse for a normal lower middle class bungalow reciting strings of complicated but totally unrelated words and expecting applause. It was too much for us to deal with. The family turned against him. Even Elwood was tired of hearing the inconsistent babble that spewed from my father's dripping mouth. Nothing could stop the man. He was determined to turn every moment of our lives into a celebration of verbiage. In a desperate attempt, we conspired and decided to burn the family thesaurus. Unfortunately our offensive action was thwarted after we discovered how easy it was for father to obtain another one. Upon discovering the burning embers of his favorite source of inspiration he exclaimed, "Finally a justification to procure a refreshing virgin hard cover edition."

My father became a dictionary and would hide in the hallway and challenge anyone who walked by to a pop vocabulary quiz. (Get it?) Everyone thought that all hope of restoring our rebel father was lost. But a glimmer of hope came one day when our over verbalized patriarch began to pester poor old dish-licking Elwood. "Come on dog give me another word for ardent, c'mon I dare ya." My father was crazed. Elwood looked up from his dish and said quite bluntly, "Why don't you just shut up!"

Finally a turning point. I was overcome by a double realization, which doesn't happen often believe me! (I believe you—ed.) My work with Elwood had finally paid off. He had been listening to me through the endless hours I spent teaching him simple grammar.

My father was silent for what seemed like an eternity. He eventually looked Elwood in the eye and uttered a bewildered, "What?" In a simple attempt to increase his height Elwood stood up on his hind legs and decreed, "If you persist in your chronic and unremittably irrational babble I will become your worst enemy and follow you to the ends of the earth arguing with every single discourse you put forth thereby rendering you impotent by the very fact that I am a dog. On top of that I will urinate on all of your suits."

My father looked like a speckled trout who had just become aware that he was being pulled from the depths of his watery paradise by a gleaming metal hook. Elwood continued, "If you don't get down off your vocabulistic soap box and get a job I shall be forced to gnaw off some innocent kid's arm putting you in a precarious dilemma with the authorities."

The refrigerator stopped humming, my grandfather stopped tapping and Elwood returned to his dish-licking. My father remained standing in the kitchen for approximately four days after which he recovered his store and lead a relatively dull life until sixty-two when he was struck in the skull by a stray cue ball.

After that amazing reminiscence let's gawk at some totally amazing album covers. First off is an album baptized Bobby. It's called *When People Were Shorter and Lived Near the Water*. As far as I can tell, everybody in the band is named Bobby that's pretty amazing isn't it? The other amazing thing is it took four people to "co-ordinate" the front cover. Now if you ask me it's pretty amazing to have people "co-ordinating" an album cover, don't you think. The front cover looks like one of those photos mom took at woodstock while on seven hits of acid and thought she was seeing the maharishi selling hot dogs.

Next on the amazing list is Joe Satriani. This guy looks like someone who used to look like Sinatra but had a face lift and is now taking standing lessons from John Travolta. Not only that, but he has this groovy aura surrounding him! Wow! No wonder Rossner needs sun glasses. Totally amazing.

And last but not least is an album by David Sylvian and Holger Czukay called *Flux + Mutability*. Isn't it amazing that these guys actually get along let alone put out an album!

Well that's it for me remember the contest and I hope and pray that I'll see you next month. If not, you've been a great audience and I love ya! (insert pathetic sniffles here)

Waste

Possibly the best album I have heard in a very long time. The songs are fast, heavy, hard and intense. There are a lot of sound effects and gargling voices that give a real cool effect to the music. The machine-gun guitars and the quick drum rolls make this album great. A must on LP and in concert.

Derek Lebrero

Music Industry Arts, MIA Album 1989

This is a compilation from Fanshawe College's Music Industry Arts Program. This is just a brief, foul taste of what will be flooding the mainstream radio airwaves in the future. To write this stuff off as being bland beyond belief would be doing an incredible disservice, as some of the material here is too offensive to be disregarded so easily. The production values are 1989, but the mind-set is stuck in the black hole of early '70's. Depressing as all hell. (A&M)

Iain Cook

Vitamin Z, Sharp Stone Rain

Circa 1976, in England, punk rock exploded, spitting in the face of the fatcat corporate rock world. The entire music industry was turned upside down — record executives flung themselves out 12th story offices, clutching their platinum records and cocaine habits. A revolution happened, and things were going to change forever. Too bad nobody told bands like **Vitamin Z**. Listening to this bland corporate "rock" is like going to the dentist's office — all you experience is antiseptic cleanliness and nauseating pain. (WEA)

Iain Cook

Big Noise, Bang

You know when you drive to a new city, and you're stuck in rush hour traffic, you have nothing better to do, so you scan the radio dial to try and find something cool to listen to? Chances are 90% of the channels are garbage, worthless trash. You can bet your bottom dollar **Big Noise** will be playing on these stations. You can also bet the asshole tailgating you in his BMW (Break My Windows) will be playing **Big Noise** on his CD player. This is your average, Middle Of The Road white funk rat scabies for which there seems to be no know cure. (WEA the world, WEA the children, WEA the ones who make it sound so bad, so let's start shooting)

Iain Cook

Danny Gotlieb/Pete Levin, The New Age of Christmas

Way back when, Christmas was a good time, when you could enjoy the warmth of family and friends, sitting around the fire, laughing and smiling in the warm glow of the Yuletide season. Today, Christmas is a sterile, empty, 3-month-long haul of shopping hell, with hi-tech wizardry assaulting the senses at ever turn. Good ol' Danny and Pete have recorded this album digitally, using Creative Audio's Random Access "Tapeless" audio recording facility. 36 tracks of synthesizers were programmed into 2 IBM PC sequencer midi networks controlled by Voyetra SP111 Software. Drums were recorded on one 8-track tapeless system. All 42 tracks were then synchronized using SMTE time code and mixed digitally to a second tapeless system. The result provides the perfect soundtrack for today's Christmas. (Atlantic)

Iain Cook

Erasure, Wild!

So you've taken your first ever hit of acid. You're kind of nervous, just waiting for something to happen. Somebody offers you some Cotton Candy and you think, hey, this could be fun. You start eating it, and you're immediately seduced by the sweet, pink stuff sliding down your throat. But wait! You take another bite, and an irritating, cheesy Casio beat invades your body. You try to spit it out, but the whole goopy mess is stuck to the roof of your mouth, like shit on a stick. That's exactly the smell which is

flooding your nostrils. You claw at your inner mouth, but you've lost control of your jaw muscles, and your teeth clamp down hard on your hand. All you can do is sit there, bile dribbling out the sides of your mouth, and wait for it to end. Erasure. Wild. (Squire/WEA)

Iain Cook

Billy Hill, I Am Just A Rebel

Well, I didn't know what I was getting myself into by picking this to review. It had an interesting cover, a lot of colour and cool artwork... little did I know this way a country tape. It contains all the old country clichés: songs about agriculture, lack of money, and driving around town (what, no songs about him drinking heavily after his wife left him and his dog died?—ed.). It's really well-produced and the songs aren't too slow... A good gag gift, or maybe you know someone who actually likes this stuff.

Derek Lebrero



Spirit of the West, Old Material 1984-1986

I like this record. Side one contains songs from their earlier albums. A thread of continuity appeared when I realized that they feature two of the founding members (just Kelly and John) who still form the backbone of the band. Some of these early recordings have a dark sound, coming as much from production as content. They really sound like the celtic band that they are. The second side is a live set where it is obvious from their playing and the crowd's response that this band puts out. This album will just tide us over until their new record is released this spring on WEA or one of those initial labels. (Stony Plains records, PO Box 861, Edmonton, Alta T5J 2L8).

Ewan MacDonald

Nuclear Assault, Handle With Care

I guess this'd be a good listen for people into this brand of speed-core/speed-metal, but they're a bit much on the metal side for my taste with heavy metal guitar solos and a high-pitched voice. I much prefer the sound of COC which seems to be a lot more on the hardcore side of things. It's really well put-together, though and includes all the lyrics, but it's a strain on the eyes trying to focus on them with the cassette version.

Derek Lebrero

The Effigies, Remains Nonviewable

Not quite Hardcore, not quite Punk, this is the "Chicago sound." These 15 hard-to-find tunes are compiled from their first four records. All have been digitally remastered. Catchy tunes, driving guitars, and a rhythm section that drives a propulsive beat. The band's supposed to have an incredible following in Chicago. I myself had never heard of them before this but I did like them on first impression. A really good LP with a lot of heart. (Road Kill Records, P.O. Box 37, Prospect Heights, Illinois, USA 60070-0037)

Derek Lebrero

Serious Lee Fine, Nothing Can Stop Us

You can't take this album seriously or it'd really get on your nerves after a while with things like rapping to the music of *Great Balls Of Fire* while women pant and moan in the background. The type of music your brother or sister might play while DJing a party in the basement. Some songs rise

above the mass, but still not Seriously Fine at all. (BMG)

Derek Lebrero

Death of Samantha, Come all Ye Faithless

Hailing from Cleveland, DOS are probably the last straight-ahead rock and roll band that I listen to. The music, as I said, is fairly straight forward rock with a lead vocalist who sounds a lot like wha-his-face from the Cult. So, you might ask, why don't I hate this band? I don't know, I should but I don't. This album sees the band laying off the comball comedy and dope lyrics (though often funny, but more ironically) that plagued their previous recordings. The last defenders of a dying genre. Buy this record. (Homestead Records, Po Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570).

Will Richards

Bastro, Diablo Guapo

Yet another great new, ground breaking recording from Homestead. Well, maybe if this came out 6 years ago it would have been ground-breaking, but even so this is an album well worth having. Two ex-members of Squirrel Bait, one of whom also spent a stint in the Rapemen, live up to their credentials with this, their first full length album. Hard, hard-hitting Big Black (a very easy comparison to make) influenced sounds from this album from start to finish, sprinkled liberally with instrumentals. Vocals that range from a soft moan to a vicious growl, great bass work, and a well produced sound all add up to what could be my favourite noise-core (gee, I think I just came up with another pigeon-hole for mindless writers such as myself to put bands in) recording since Atomizer. (Homestead Records, PO Box 570 Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570).

Will Richards

The Verlaines, Hallelujah All the Way Home

I don't have anything good to say about this record so I'll say a whole bunch of bad things. Lame production, badly written and performed songs, generally boring lyrics etc., the list goes on. Don't waste your money. (Homestead Records, P.O.Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570).

Will Richards

L.A. Guns, Cocked and Loaded

Alright, hear this, I don't care what anyone says, I like the L.A.Guns! So there. Why you ask? Why bother with a bunch of drunken, obnoxious, sexist, cretins who probably wouldn't have gotten the time of day from any record company if **Guns and Roses** and **Poison** hadn't proven there was money to be made with this here metal stuff. Why waste my time with a scrawny, misguided group who look like they failed an audition for **Stiv Bator**'s new band? I'll tell ya why pal, because this here is the real thing, that's why. What with manufactured plastic rebels like **Skid Row** and **Poison** it's actually a relief to come across a band who every bit as worthless as they pretend to be. Yes sir, no social conscience here. Besides they're really a good band if you actually listen. Good punky (that's spirit of 76 Punk, kid. Ask your parents) riffs, solid tight playing, a modest willingness to experiment and a refreshing lack of **Axl Rose** style banshee wailing separate these guys from the pack. Having said that, this LP isn't as great as the first but second albums rarely are. I have no doubt that actually meeting L.A. Guns in the flesh would be a truly horrid experience but I'm quite willing to buy their album to get a good, healthy breath of foul air. (Polygram)

David James

Peter Murphy, The Line Between The Devils Teeth

In our last issue, our editor helpfully informed the nation that **Bauhaus** made him want to "woof his cookies" but I've always been a serious but discerning Bauhaus fanatic. So, when I saw that **Peter Murphy** had a new EP, I jumped over various record

for cassettes only

racks, customers and staff to grab one. Sometimes shopping is a contact sport. Old Pete must dread reading that his latest record is all well and good but it's not as good as you know what. So I won't say that (although it's true), I'll simply take it as it is. What it is in fact is a return of sorts to his glory days in form if not in intensity, with a rambling rhythmic bass matched to his own meaningless but interesting lyrics and chants. His voice is in fine form and less restrained than on the last LP but he's still holding back. If you're a Peter Murphy or Bauhaus fan, buy this and play it real loud in Paul's direction.

David James

Michelle Shocked, Captain Swing
Okay, so her first coupla platters made me wanna kill the Big Record Execs who signed her, but bored me so much I couldn't get enough energy to do it. Well, this ain't that bad. She's broken outta the current angst-ridden-female-folkie-with-acoustic-guitar-trying-to-change-the-world stereotype and's just havin' some fun here. Cool blooze like *Sleep Keeps Me Awake* and *Streetcorner Ambassador*, a big-bandish *Must be Luff*, and fun pop of *On The Greener Side* mix with the groovy rock 'n roll of the LP's best tune, *Don't You Mess With My Little Sister*. It ain't heavy and it ain't gonna change the world, but it's fun and it's definitely gonna get on the nerves of her old fans—good a reason as any to buy it, even if it is on (Polygram).

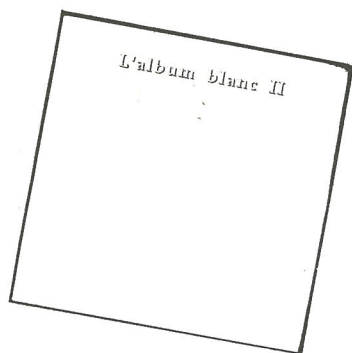
Johnny Zero

The New Beat r/Evolution, Various
A bunch of techno dudes into h'acid studios ruminating on some green grass. Or red, maybe. Dance, rap, new fun industrial machine-tronics, fun, fun, rap, scratch, drum machine, electro-sound, skin-beat machine, howowowowa! Produced by Gilles Martin, the band names are unimportant. (Nettwerk/Capitol)

Bery

Alice Donut, Bucketfuls of Sickness and Horror in an Otherwise Meaningless Life
Some dinky mag (probably this one) once called these dudes the 'best hardcore band in the universe' or something like that. Ain't true. Hey, they ain't grody, but they ain't tubular either, or something like that. Kinda noisy, stretching them strings so theyz always on the edge of bein outta tune. Like psychedellic/glam meets the speed 'n energy of hardcore with their namesake, Mr. Cooper lookin' on, or something like that. Good when they crank it, kinda Grateful Deadish when they don't (like on *Dorothy*). Good solid 'core most 'o the time, tho. (*Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA, USA 94101*).

Johnny Zero



L'album Blanc II and III, Various
A couple of Montreal compilation albums, with number II sounding a lot more underground than III. Number II has a wide variety of styles: 60's simonized garage (**Ralph et les Baronics**), AM radio yo-yos' favourites (**Rubby, Chantal Gionest and Claude Savignac**), techno acid box (**Red, Newton Loth**) and the real fun, different stuff: **Frank Flynn** with his inflatable doll, **Black Citron** doing techno-Deja Voodoo, and **The King** doing some fun doo-wop bop-a-loo-bop shoo-wop foam-core beat.

Number three stinks: Mainstream, concrete styles, poppy and No Fun. Even some New Age—ughh! The bright point is **Eric Vaux Toilettés** ('nouveau fucked-up'). (*Studio Works, Montreal*).

Bery



Youth Youth Youth, Youth Youth Youth
One of the best things to come out of Toronto in the 80's was YYY's *Sin* EP. Well, it's back, on the back of this record (side 2). Side one features ten unreleased demo tracks. Early 80s-sounding hardcore that sounds that way because it was recorded in the early 80s. Still got a lot of punch, though, together with some pretty facile politics. Mediocre production can't take away from what must've been a great 'core band ('specially on my favourite track, *Headline Hunters*). The demo side includes a couple of really stoopid tracks (including a ba-a-ad cover of *Louie Louie*), but enough good stuff to make it interesting even for those who have the EP. For those who don't have YYY's previous release, this is a must. (*Fringe Product, P.O. Box 670, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1G2*)

Paul Gott

Laurie Anderson, Strange Angels
Big prod by Laurie: a whole orchestra of electricians and horn fartars. She now actually sings—notes and everything. She's been recognized and now she's recognizable. She's even pleased to do commercial pop songs. Finally, it's high-tech wizardry, mixed-media experiments and music performance mixed down into softer, light moods: Not as quirky as before, but not New Age either. (WEA)

Bery

Don Dixon, EEE
Sucky pop rock fusion, leaning on brassy, horny r&b. Joe Cocker rowling-throat vocals and Godley-Creme female gospel chorus. Funky, gliding pop-pop-pop lolly-pop-love songs. I just want to laugh. The guy's a goofball. (*Enigma/Capitol*)

Bery

Sara Hickman, Equally Scarey People
Folkoustic dry guitar. Sings like Joni Mitchell with a wider range of variable variety on viable variations of avaricious vocals. *Song For My Father!* is like Joni turned into a fish and swimming in circles inside your headphones. Ugly. Turluttutu! (WEA)

Bery

Robert Musso, Absolute Music
Bill Laswell's infected blood of New Age Muzak. What can I say? It's New Age. He plays all instruments except bass. *Vraiment le Nouvelllllage!*... (MU Records, New York)

Bery

Katie Webster, Two-Fisted Mama
Good powerful lungs. Very loud soprano—they must have had the dials at two in the studio when they recorded. Great great great. Jumping jive jam, r&b jazzy swings and, of course, farts of brass by the Memphis Horns. Bruisy blues boogie and love songs that Janis Joplin never got around to. Piano like early Little Richard. *Rolling Stone* gave her a great review and—who woulda guessed?—they're actually right. Chicago

giant singer of rockin blues swamp music that funkifies you and fills out the grooves on the vinyl. (WEA)

Bery

The Steppes, Enquire Within
Your dusty collection will hopefully never sound like this early 70\$ revival kind of hard folk with a lollipop sound. Bring it to Woodstock. Leave it there. I swear. (*VOXX Records, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA, USA 91510*).

Bery

Pastells, Sittin' Pretty
Freshest new folk on the racks. Electric enough to over-volt the Jesus and Mary Chain, or crack a smile on the godfather of Punk (Mr. Reed). The dark flip side of Cat Stevens. WOW, what an energetic band, restless songs with vocals sitting on top. Modest chords, heavily influenced by Lou R., driving through us like thunder. Aggressive instrumental sound and candid tracks that hit you the first time you hear 'em. Ripe new taste, fresh from the folk. (*Homestead Records, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY, USA 11571-0800*).

Bery



Skinny Puppy, Rabies
A big development for Skinny Puppy. Mixed at Wax Trax—it sounds it: Traditional heavy reverb on the voice, bits and pieces from T.V. sounds, a little (surprising) rock 'n roll guitar effects on *Hexonxox*, a French orchestra on *Worlock*, diving into yowling Gregorian Victorian hermaphrodite throats in *Choralone*, and a Wax Trax raffle machine drum on *Fascist Jock Itch* where they scream until their last breath. Cinerama horror soundtrack in Dolby, attacking your eardrums in the safety of your own living room. A different mix, a bit of a tangent, but Skinny Puppyish enough for their old fans. (Nettwerk/Capitol).

Bery

Screaming Blue Messiahs, Totally Religious
Okay, so you take this huge cuisinart.see? Then you get all the members of U2, the Alarm, George Thorogood and all those other Big Guitar bands who think they can Rock. You put a nice razor-sharp serrated blade on the blender and you drop all those jolly fellas into it along with their records. You turn it to slow blend. You record the grinding sounds, the slow burn of the motor and the screams of the guys over the mashed sounds of their records. That's the new Messiahs record. Kinda mainstream guitar stuff, but with an evil edge. Good. Solid. Rock 'n roll. Nice haircut, too. (WEA)

Paul Gott

Okay, so let's face it, we just like getting free records in the mail. There's nothing more fun than dropping by the post office and getting these nice big packages of Free Things. So keep on sending 'em to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4. No CDs please.

Gals and gents, welcome to the latest edition of For Cassettes Only. That's it, that's the intro, enjoy...

The first demo on the chopping block this month is a French band from Montreal called **Sub Rosa**. Well, it looks like the french alternative set has discovered new wave music and is well represented by bands like **Jean LeLoupe** and garage bands like **Sub Rosa**. It's solid pop music, well executed. My only gripe is that it's not all that original but, then again, it's pop music. Most importantly it might get rid of people like **Pagliari** and **Robert Charlesbois**. One can only hope. **842 Bellerive #1, Longueuil, Quebec J4J 1A6**.

Next is a band called **Druids** from New Brunswick with a demo entitled *Be Careful*. I like this demo, it's bright, fun and the music is poppy but garagey at the same time. It's a neat mix and would definitely get people on the dance floor bopping.

Andrew Thorne, 889 Grandame St., Fredericton, N.B. E3B 3Z7.

Up next is my pick for cassette of the month, it's by a band named **Drums Along The Gardiner** and the cassette is called *Boronto*. As you may have guessed they hail from the capital of the universe, Toronto. They're awesome. Fun, fun, fun stuff. I'm glad there are still bands like this floating around that have the rock 'n roll spirit. This is energetic stuff. The lyrics are stupid, the recording is grungy, the music is fast. It's the stoopid side of Garage/Punk/Rock 'n Roll. With titles like *Beergut*, *Dump on the Floor* and *Whoop de Doo*, what more can you ask for, except maybe an album.

Miracle Records, Box 6994, Station A, Toronto Ont M5W 1X7.

Now for something completely different (and I mean that sincerely) is another Ontario band called **Die Screaming** with a demo called *Are You Ill?* And may I say I wasn't til I heard this, then again, I think that's the reaction they're aiming for. These guys are probably the best doom and die band I've ever heard. It's basically dark, occult, satanic sounding music. There's always someone screaming in the background and a dangerous, psychotic sounding lead vocalist. They blow bands like **Skinny Puppy** out of the water. If this is your cup of tea, you'll love them. I hear they're great live too. **15 Ballymena Court, Don Mills, Ont. M3C 2B8**.

Next is a local band called the **Vee Gates** with a three song demo. This demo is cute, with sweet pop songs that have

enough energy to get your toes tappin'. The only problem is that they're too commercial for my taste, but they're good enough for FM. Just get rid of the reverb. **No address**.

This is not the kind of stuff I usually go for, but this demo by a band called **Stark** got me thinking of the old days, when along with the Punk stuff, I was listening to **Joy Division** and **Bauhaus**. This stuff keeps up the "music for people who wear black" standards. The music is dark and heavy, and so are the lyrics. It's gloom perfection. For all you kids out there who don't want to worry about colour coordination, pick this one up. You won't regret it.

Kastell Records, 699 Bourgeois St., Montreal, Que. H3K 2M5.

Well the **Bunchofuckingoofs** are back with a new demo entitled *Drunk? Destroyed? Demolished?* Will these guys ever release an album? They're still thrusting aggressive hardcore music at us, but this time it hurts because they've introduced the metal demon. Hey, but the Goofs remain the Goofs, they're a loud, fast, aggressive band with an attitude.

253 College St., P.O. Box 313, Toronto, Ont. M5T 1R5.

Last up is a band called **Playhouse** with a demo entitled *Little Monster*. Let me start off by saying that this is the kind of band that RearGarde would slash basically because it isn't the kind of music we like to review. These guys had major label signing in mind when they recorded this. We figure if **Skid Row** and **Winger** could get signed these guys will have no problem. They fit right in with the slew of new so-called Heavy Metal bands that have assaulted our ears in recent months. See you guys on the American Music Awards.

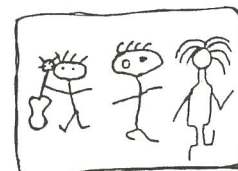
Ian Kristian (514) 481-3319.

And now **David James** will take over and assault you with two compilation reviews, take away Dave...

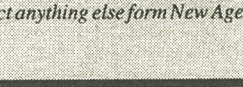
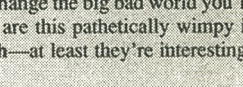
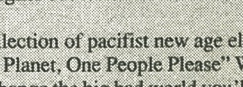
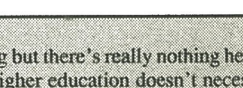
First up we have a compilation called **Shit Happens**, it's an OCA 1989 compilation. OCA stands for Ontario College of Arts and this tape is accordingly...uh...artsy. There are a couple of sound pieces, some dull jazz, a percussion solo, an unfunny reggae parody and so on. Some of this is mildly interesting but there's really nothing here that was burning to be heard. Proof positive that higher education doesn't necessarily guarantee talent.

Next is a tape called **Horizon '89**. It's a collection of pacifist new age elevator music. The sticker on it says it all really, "One Planet, One People Please" What's with this "please" stuff? If you really want to change the big bad world you'll have to do better than this whining. If all pacifists are this pathetically wimpy it's no wonder people prefer **Rambo** and **Ollie North**—at least they're interesting. This just sucks.

(We have to ask ourselves if we should expect anything else form New Age music to begin with-Emma).



stark



NEW KIDS ON THE block

the unsaid

Oil

I thought that would get your attention. Well I've searched and searched through the city for yet another band for my brand new column (Yes, this one) and inbetween Christmas shopping and going to Kitchener, I've found a band with that Xmas touch.

The Unsaid, are Grant on drums, Dave on bass and the man who's been there since '85—Stephane, their guitarist. When I called up (finally) to do this interview they gave me a two-for-one combination. Ya, that's right I was invited to the Unsaid X-mas party. So while the party raged I indulged myself with the interview.

They began in '85 and they chose their name to be a band of different verses. They didn't want to be against anything, they'd rather stay on their own path, to say what they feel needs to be said.

A lot of their songs are based on social issues such as *Nuclear Armament* ("Don't give our money for war give it to the poor!"). That song is generally directed to the wonderful government for what they can do with our Tax money. Another song that grabbed my attention was *Child Abuse* (You brought into this world a child not a mistake, Pure and innocent as it is, you still treat the being like shit). It's a powerful song tho' only those who go to their shows would get the full effect (not a bad idea, eh?).

One major concern with the band is pollution: they don't like it. As Grant says, "Hey! I don't care! Give me the job and I'll pick up the shit myself! "Until about five months ago when they got their new drummer, they didn't

have a very high profile. They managed a few shows here and there with local bands such as **Working Class** and the now unfortunately defunct **Deja Voodoo** out in Longueuil somewhere.

They did record a demo, but it didn't quite meet their standards. "It really fucked up," Grant tells me. "The singer tore it up."

Recently, they've been doing a lot of jamming with **Kitchin Kids** and where ever they can get space. They're planning to do another, better produced demo, the only problem being that they recently lost their singer. So, if you think you have what Unsaid wants, go for it.

They have a show happening January 30—it's a benefit for the poor. (I'm told Sun Youth should be involved, so it should all be on the level). The show'll be held at Bar La Terrasse, 30 Mount Royal west (849-3030) Mt. Royal Metro, a show not to miss. (This also means they need a singer fast).

They used to jam with **Kitchin Kids**, until they left and began construction of their own local. The neighbours didn't like it all that much—the band found that out when this guy Two Blocks Down came to complain. So, soundproofing began. All in all it makes the band feel all the more cozier in their 8 x 10 room.

Musically the boys are a cross between **Blitz** and **Crass** (at least they sounded that way at their last show with **Kitchin Kids**). They've got a harmonious hardcore edge—you can either thrash, pogo or throw yourself to the frothing crowd. If I were you I'd goto their next performance but wouldn't wear a tuxedo. Lots of nice people and the band is easy to talk to.

One last point to make is that if you want to get in touch with the Unsaid you can call Grant at 527-4449.

A final point: if you've got a new band or know of one that wants to be featured in this column you've gotta have played live, and coming complete with some black & white pics would be nice. Just get in touch through the address on page three.

See you on the street. **Domenic Castelli**



PHOTO: Will Richards

PHOTO: Will Richards

PHOTO: Will Richards

FIEND

After much power-tripping on behalf of the management of both the band and the club—who were actually very nice, they just insisted on going through the whole star thing—I managed to worm my way into the VIP lounge at the Limelight in New York and sit down and chat with The Doctor and Mr. Fiend, both of whom were very receptive and approachable.

RearGarde: That was a pretty long show (2hours and 20 minutes). Do you always play that long or did the spirit just seem to move you tonight?

The Dr.: I get a lot out of playing live. Kind of like a two-hour orgasm.

Mr. Fiend: Well, it took five years to come back, so everybody had to catch up. We had all sorts of visa, booking and general business problems. It's meant to be that U.K. and America are the freest countries but they gave us all sorts of problems. It totally fucked me up tonight. I wanted to get back here. A lot of people have passed on, I'm not being morbid but a lot of my friends are gone and it took me five years to come back. I'm not cross about that, but if they had been here it would've helped.

RearGarde: You've been playing for over seven years with this band.

Mr. Fiend: Yeah it's been about that. A long time really.

RearGarde: Is it hard to keep that kind of energy level going for so long? Some bands that have been around for as long as you have, when you go see them live, it feels like they are just churning it out. The U.K. Subs come to mind.

Mr. Fiend: Yeah, Charlie Harper. When we first came out the U.K. Subs were like really big. Charlie was the first guy that spoke up and said I like **Alien Sex Fiend** against everybody else, him and **Jimmy Pursey** of **Sham 69**.

RearGarde: So that was the kind of stuff that you were listening to when you first started?

Mr. Fiend: Anything really. **Captain Beefheart**, **Alice Cooper**, **Cramps**, **Gun Club**, **Sisters of Mercy**, **New Order**, **Joy Division**. Anything.

RearGarde: That's it really, before the show I was trying to describe your sound to someone who had never heard you before and it was like this long list off of the kind of sounds that you incorporate in your music. Its

's kinda goth/punk/dance/electronic. A real melting pot of sounds from the eighties. You put out a lot of records—at least one every year.

Mr. Fiend: A lot of stuff. Albums, singles, E.P.s, videos and even our own newsletter, which has cartoons in it and basically lets people know what's going on.

RearGarde: What's the scene like in England right now?

Mr. Fiend: It depends on how much money and power that you've got. For a band like us it's fucking impossible. Though we did manage to sell out 1700 in London. It's going good but it is a struggle. I don't know how people find out about us.

RearGarde: Well, you've been around for so long now....

Mr. Fiend: It's kind of like the guys that make the strange movies that never get into the Hollywood circuits—like **H. Gordon Lewis**, those sort of people. What we are doing is sort of like the guy who did *Evil Dead*—he did his best, he was still quite young and that took off. Things like that people are very interested in.

The Dr.: I think that the scene in England is probably quite repressed. But I don't know who's doing the repressing. We just did a very small handful of gigs there. Something in London, Scotland and Wales. Britain is a funny place for us to tour in because it's very hard work purely on the organizational level—all the stuff other than actually being on the stage and playing. And people try to not pay you and things like that, all kinds of shit like that. It's been a long long time since the band did a full tour of England. In the New Year we plan to do one that will go just about everywhere and some of the gigs I'm sure will be toilets. We did a couple of small places before we came here, where the P.A. is just like two speakers on a stick. Anyway, it was just to put ourselves through it so we were prepared for any eventuality.

RearGarde: So you do most of your touring in Europe?

The Dr.: Yeah, in Germany a lot and in Spain. There's no record market there. Half of the live album was recorded at one gig in Spain. This club in the middle of nowhere. This club twenty miles out of town, we come out on stage at three o'clock in the morning and there's like four-five thousand people there. Spain's our favourite really, but it makes no sense whatsoever business wise. If we had a record company running our lives we wouldn't even get to Spain.

Mr. Fiend: Like in Germany we can easily sell out a thousand a night.

RearGarde: What label are you with now?
Mr. Fiend: A label out of England called **Anagram**, which is part of **Cherry Red**, who are a long-standing independent. They're nice people. They're getting quite keen

now. In the past they have been a little indifferent, you know, giving five or ten pounds every month to go make a record. This year they're getting excited and things are starting to happen. Lots of the last album were sold here as well.

RearGarde: You are fairly big on the Campus radio scene here. Do you get any play on the radio in England?

The Dr.: We don't get played on the radio at all at home. Even the pirate radio is heavily suppressed. In France it's pretty healthy though. Me and **Nik** did a special for a French radio station in the basement of our house. Unreleased stuff, different mixes, and they went nuts over that. It went down really well.

RearGarde: Were you happy with your performance tonight? Do you think it was a good representation of the band?

The Dr.: Yeah, it was pretty good. We had a lot of technical problems, but 99 per cent of the gigs that we play we have some kind of thing going wrong because most monitor systems are not ready for what we need. It is complicated in as much as we have 24 channels of sound. We never get the time to do it properly so we have to kind of feel our way through it. So much of the music is improvised around a rough skeleton that we are just surprising each other each night.

Mr. Fiend: It's such a different thing over here, with college and alternative radio—bands get much better exposure. They've supported us since our career began in '83.

RearGarde: What are you up to now—doing any recording?

Mr. Fiend: We've got three weeks over here, go back, do some recording, make another magazine.

RearGarde: Who does most of the song writing?

Mr. Fiend: Whoever happens to be around at the time. **Mrs. Fiend** mostly on samples and beats and then **The Dr.** and **Rat Fink** add on. **The Dr.**'s pretty crazy, he tuned straight in. He's not been with us very long. **Rat Fink** joined in after **Johnny HarHar** left, doing bits of drums and now he does bits of guitar just generally filling in. It's great because he's very young so he can really punch it out.

We sort of sat around in the VIP room until the wee hours of the morning, drinking all the free beer we could score from the waitress. Surprisingly nice people really, which just goes to show you; You shouldn't judge a spook by it's cover. HA HA HA HA!

Interview conducted by **VIP Will Richards**.



PHOTO: Will Richards

NEW MUSIC FEST

In previous years, we've covered the entire New Music Festival in Montreal. The most recent fest, however, was expanded from six to more than 20 shows, so we present a sampling of what went down...

Billy Shakespeare, Timbuk 3, Hodads Club Soda November 2

O.k.! O.k.! opening night of the New Music Festival at Club Soda had little to do with an alternative, new flavour. Two of the bands have been around for several years. The surprise was **Billy Shakespeare** whose singer slithered, jerked and twisted his way around the stage in the manner one would have expected of the **Jazz Butcher's** Kizzy O'Callahan. Although as unpolished as old brass they gave an exceptional performance.

True to form, this year's NMF presented the famous band first. **Timbuk 3**, a group fronted by a couple and backed by a real live drummer, were greeted with real acclaim. They charmed all with their Texab bluegrass rock, flavoured with darker, lurking, brooding emotion. All the way from Austin, from a higher echelon of success (a short role in the film *D.O.A.*). They imposed no egos, only a willingness to work with the crowd for an extra long set, nearly two hours, pushing the Hodad's performance into the night.

As the clock spun through the three dimensions, people left and atmosphere dwindled, but the **Hodads** played true and the few that stayed were rewarded with extra energy and all on the dance floor twitched and thumped their own way to ecstasy. What they lacked in expertise they made up several fold in raw feeling.

Sam laid down a heavy backbeat to the rest of the band's soulful, homey approach, looking as comfortable as if they'd been playing in someone's living room across the street. While this photog. was busy on visuals, my body felt compelled to take action of its own and mesh with the music.

Twilight

Gwar, Satans Landlord Foulfoues October 2

For the opening night at Foulfoues we had **Satans Landlord** and **Gwar**.

Satans Landlord were the standard fare of heavy/glam/metal rock, which is fine if you are into that sort of thing. The best thing I can say is that they were tight and seemed to please the crowd, although I tend to think that that was mainly due to the shower of Tim-Bits.

Gwar is a band that has to be seen to be believed/appreciated. I couldn't imagine just listening to the record as the music is the kind of speed metal that can be heard anywhere that young people with long hair gather. The theatrics of the show could be described as excessive but for me, not to the point of redundancy. Blood everywhere, brains liberally spattered throughout the room, (I proudly carried a large brain smear on my jacket for several weeks).

The funniest thing about this show was that amid all the chaos and mutilation on stage a mic stand fell on one of the audience which prompted the large funnily dressed lead singer to run over and, in a very concerned voice, inquire if the recipient of the mic to the head was O.K. Maybe you had to be there. If you weren't, your loss.

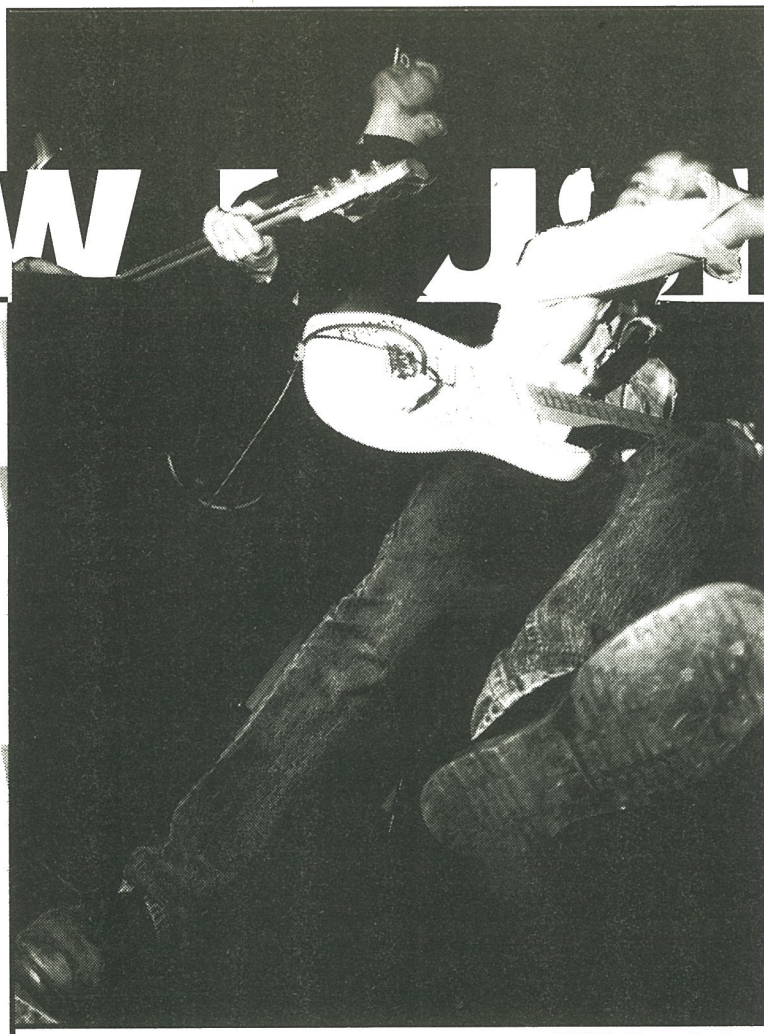
Will Richards

Asexuals, Soundgarden, Ripcordz Club Soda November 3

Although I didn't make it to all the shows during the festival, the general consensus was that this event was one of the highlights.

The **Ripcordz** got the thankless task of opening the show, which started quite early, while people were still filing into the club. Supported by primo sound gear, they cranked out a tough rockin' set which was certainly a turning point in establishing themselves as a serious hardcore/punk/rock 'n roll type band to be reckoned with.

The crowd gave enthusiastic response between songs and at the end of the set, but I don't know anybody that's had enough



Asexuals.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

beer or energy to get up and start dancing or thrashin' at nine o'clock in the evening.

The much-hyped **Soundgarden** came up next and the audience crowded onto the dance floor in anticipation. There are three words that first come to mind when I recall their set: Loud, loud, and Loud! They sounded more like a sound inferno than a sound garden to me. Hypnotic, blistering, feedback-drenched, psychedelic garage trash on bad acid.

I sorta got a kick out of this retro schtick, but by the fourth song I was wondering if they were gonna come up with at least one original riff. Nuthin' but a recycling of old Sabbath and Zeppelin riffs with Robert Plant vocals.

The crowd reaction left no middle ground. People I talked to either thought they were amazing or terrible. Me, I was mostly bored.

But my boredom was abruptly ended when the **Asexuals** launched into one of their best performances in recent years. With lots of new songs and a new attitude, they appeared to be having fun on stage and that energy was reflected in the full dance floor for the duration of their set. Of course, how could any band not have fun on stage with the cartoon antics of bassist Blake Cheetah.

This was a well-conceived power rock guitar night at the NMF and there wasn't an eardrum left unshattered by the time it was over.

Zippy

Janitors Animated Foulfoues October 3

Janitors Animated played the night after Gwar and it was kind of weird to be there with the aftermath of Gwar still lingering in the air and be listening to this electronic drive.

What they were trying to do, I think, is to create a musical backdrop for the visuals that were going on. What they did do was to drive me out of the club faster than if the place was on fire. The visuals were interesting though, the highlight being when they took a piece of milar and projected a slide of a person's face onto it, only you couldn't see the image until one of them began to paint the milar. So the image appeared as it was being painted. This ensemble should be seen, if you've nothing better to do, but definitely not heard.

Will Richards

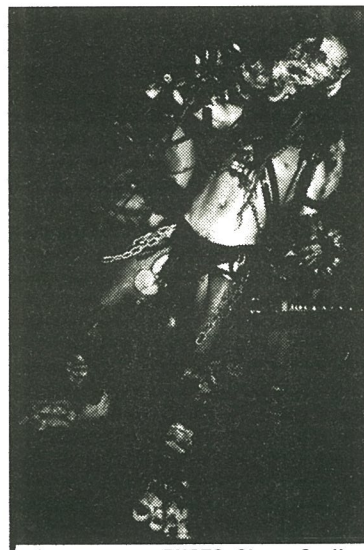
Ray Condo, Lucky Seven, Mere Image Club Soda November 5

Inventing words is fun. I've always enjoyed making up nonsense (just ask any of my friends). Let's make up some words for this review. Yeah! That would be plentiful!

So first off, we have **Mere Image**. I think

that the word that best sums up this band is "sulp"; they're smooth, they're slick, they're polished, and they're clean—and I mean Clean. I cannot recall ever seeing such clean people in my life... even the stubbly guitarist was wearing a fresh change of clothes. The production was clean, the playing was clean, the lead singer's hair shimmered like his acoustic guitar chords... mid-tempo AOR stuff. You know, Clean!

Next up... Good Lord, it's **Sha Na Na**!!! No, it's actually **Lucky Seven**, accordion,



Gwar.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

pompadoours and all. This was fun—one of those bar bands who convince you that a bar band isn't necessarily a bad thing. Lotsa energy, nailed in place by a slick (not clean) groove. Fast they proved that rockabilly isn't regressive, then they break out a bluesy Claptonesque number called *Come To Me* (I think), and then the percussionist straps on a washboard and it's off to Cajun country. Nothing we haven't heard before, but that wasn't the point. I would describe these guys as "ralanchous" (pronounced ru-LAN-chus).

So, as the evening progresses, the instruments have progressively gotten more primitive, and the music has gradually become rawer. Thus we have **Ray Condo** and his **Hardrock Goners**, and the most fun group of the evening. This stuff is "sawiggering" (all together now, kids: su-WIG-ger-ing!). We're talkin' hillbilly hoedown an' stomp that ol' floor...

or plain old "country and eastern" if you prefer. All those years my dad has been playing the country station and I never realised what was so great about it... the next time someone says "country", pass over that **Kenny Rogers** crap and give 'em a slab of the real thing. Later ...

Dave McIntyre, the syntaxist-to-the-maxxest!

Griffins, Painters and Dockers, Me, Mom and Morgantaler Nov. 9

Following in the **RearGarde** tradition I arrived at the show late and worse for the wear. Subsequently, I missed the **Griffins**, but I had seen them before and I know I didn't miss much. It's not that they're bad, just another one of those "hard rock" bands that just don't do much for me. But hey, they



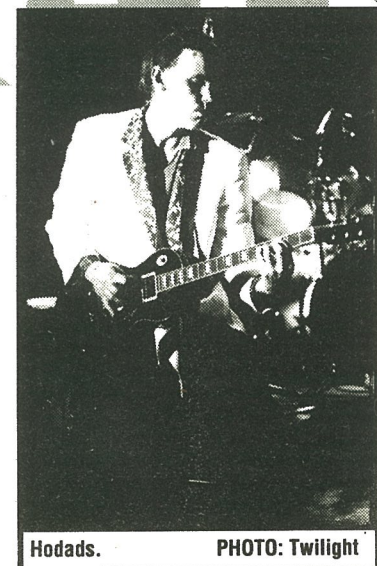
39 Steps. PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond

sure can spraypaint their name on walls mighty fine.

Up next were Australia's **Painters and Dockers** and even though I had been wrongly told by some now blond band member that they were folk-ska, I was not disappointed with the band's performance. They reminded me of **Weddings, Parties, Anything** and the **Pogues**, but with more of a punk edge. Rocking songs like *Safe Sex* and their sexual anthem *Your Turn On Top Tonight*, got the crowd up on it's feet. **Painters and Dockers** are one of those bands whose music can't be categorised, yet everyone likes. Skins, Rude Boys, Mods, Punks, Rockers and those who were none of the above all dancing in unison. Nice to see.

Headlining the night were Montreal's infamous skasters, **Me, Mom and Morgantaler**. The already revved-up crowd exploded into frantic bouts of skanking and intum pogo-ing because of the packed dance floor. **Me and Mom** played a long sweaty set which included quite a few new tunes such as the Spanish one which was followed by the smashing of a phallic-shaped pinata that was jammed full of goodies. A personal thanks goes out to John J. of the band for a special announcement. All in all, one of **Morgantaler's** better recent shows and would have been the best if only they would have played a certain cover (you know which one).

Jolly John



Hodads.

PHOTO: Twilight

39 Steps, Rocktopus, Tribe Club Soda November 10

This was my third concert in as many nights, so my mind was not switching gears as smoothly as it usually does. This might account for the sour mood of this review.

Or maybe it was the bands. Hard to say. It was reassuring to open the door and find some heavy rock noise tumbling down the stairs toward me. **Tribe**, for those of you who remember **The Drones**, isn't such an about-face as some have been led to believe. But it is louder. And heavier.

There was plenty of jumping, good playing... but I have to be honest: the new guy can't sing. And the band is still a few rehearsals short of a real kickass tightness. I'm still waiting for this unit to develop into the great band that they are fully capable of becoming.

Rocktopus is next. They're tired, they're grumpy, they're bitching on stage. Their guitar keeps conking out. Still they push on, pushing their hardcore to full steam, and they gradually win over the audience. Me, I don't know... it all comes across as soulless **Bad Brains**. Maybe it was the lack of people jumping on each other.

39 Steps are all dressed in black, so you know they're hip. I remember watching **MuchMuzak** many moons ago, where Erica Elmh was interviewing the group, saying how she was always rooting for the group while her friends paid no attention. All in all, watching the lead singer/pouter do his discount **Iggy Pop** schtick made me realise once and for all that you can never trust a veejay's taste. As my friend noted, "They're out to make money". Comprehends-moi?

Dave McIntyre, who's really upsetsince he only found out a week ago that reviewers don't have to pay to see shows, and would like to know why no one told him earlier

The Jazz Butcher, Eric Va Aux Toilette Foulfoues November 11

The **Jazz Butcher** show something that I would normally have enjoyed, but I was in a bad mood that day, so maybe you shouldn't take this review too seriously. On that night the rambling of what's-his-name who does all the singing set against the quaint pop back-drop that they helped evolve in the U.K. seemed totally meaningless. So after the first two songs I went and sat at the top of the stairs by the phones and brooded. I did get an interview with some one (I think) from the band. Here it is.

Someone from the band: Cheer up boys.

RearGarde: Sure, every day.

Someone from the band: At least you don't have it as bad as we do.

RearGarde: At least you get paid.

Someone from the band: Ha, Ha, ddht hfeuf gdwfb. (That's what it sounded like he said).

Journalism at its best. Apparently **Eric Va Aux Toilette** stunk, but I wasn't there so I don't know.

Will Richards

Gavin Friday and the Man Seazer Foulfoues November 12

Cabaret Chez Foulfoues? When **Gavin Friday** and the **Man Seazer** come to town they really go to town. Tables on the dance floor, candles... no guitars? Hey, this isn't Rock'n'Roll.

No, this is incredibly well-crafted music played with skill but also an edge. Where did he go when he kept leaving the stage? Was the show over? Playing all the stuff off of his album, *Each Man Kills the Things He Loves*, and a few well known standards (was that really an **Edith Piaf** song I heard?) the strange gathering of lost souls up on the stage kept the audience confused for the whole length of the show.

This is not music for the easily bemused. Oh yeah, there was also some other band that night but I couldn't be sure if they were still underground or if they had made the big cross-over into stardom yet like they said they would in an interview that they gave in this paper a few months ago, so I thought it would be best to avoid them.

Will Richards
(With a little help from his friends)

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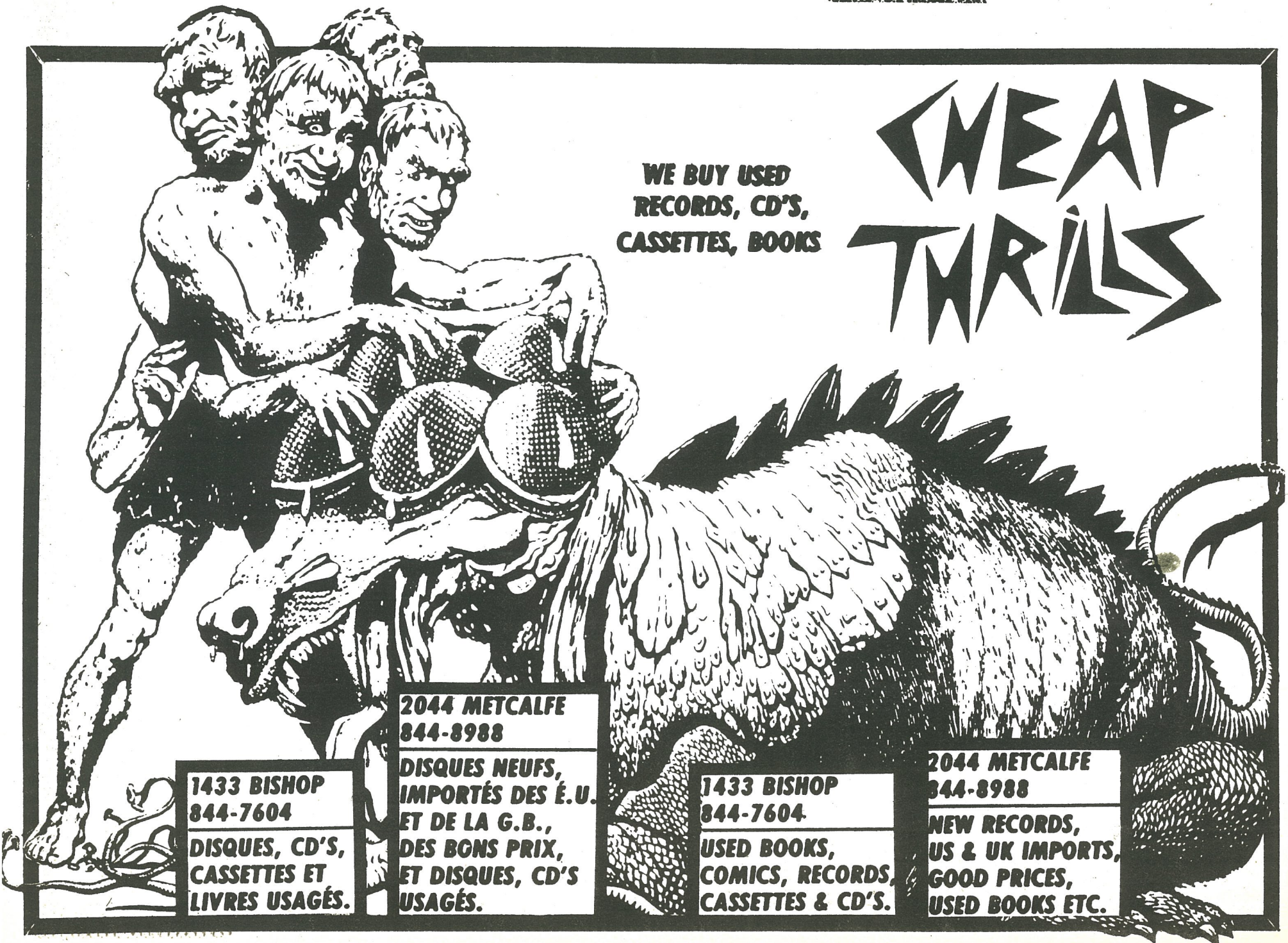
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Bérurier



by Inderbir Riar

Since they last played in Montreal, Berurier Noir have gained a huge following in this fair city and they returned this October to bid a fond farewell to their legions of Quebecois fans. Their chainsaw-guitar cultural revolution has established the group as one of the most outspoken critics of skinheads and racism, and their crazed, eccentric live shows have paralleled the excitement of any big top circus, minus the lions.

The excitement Les Berus generate on stage is definitely unparalleled by any other band around right now. During their all-ages show at the Zenith Club in Montreal, the duo led a freak-studded group of performers who acrobated (so, this is a verb?—ed.), mimed, acted and sang with every tune. While François and Loran—the duo that is Berurier Noir—led the musical assault on stage, the performing troupe generated the most twisted side-show ever witnessed by these eyes.

Changing costumes with lightening speed, the actors mimicked policemen by dressing as pigs, came out on stilts in clown outfits, did flips and walking handstands, stood on a raised platform waving huge coloured flags, and helped interact with the audience in every possible manner. The band's travelling circus helped create an atmosphere of enjoyable frenzy as kids threw themselves at each other and bounced on and off the stage into the masses crammed against the stage.

Small flags were handed out to create some colour in the audience and some fans were brought on stage to

sing along. Even those that did not have access to microphones helped out in filling the club with their wailing choruses. At times, their singing was reminiscent of a soccer match, rather than a punk concert.

While the visual aspect of each song lent an aura of bizarre entertainment to the entire show, it also helped accent the more serious themes that are clearly visible in Les Berus' songs. By miming out the lyrics, the band was able to show its attitudes of racial tolerance and global harmony without turning the whole show into a political and moral diatribe against the audience.

"We want to help make a better world for the youth," says Loran. "Perhaps a more realistic world."

Fundamentally, the group is openly opposed to the entire fascist skinhead movement and are completely intolerant of racism. Their leanings were evident in their hiring of the Anti-Fascist League in Montreal to maintain security during their tour. The show at the Spectrum was marred by a gang of skinheads who managed to show up outside the concert hall in defiance of the attitudes held by Les Berus and their audience.

"About fifty skinheads began congregating outside the Spectrum," says Loran. "They started to attack people who had bought tickets for the show, so we enlisted the help of the Anti-Fascist League and Gros Michel of Foulfoules Électriques to maintain security at the Zenith."

Recently, the *Montreal Mirror* published an article on Les Berus under the section on 'Culture.' When asked

why the article was published under this heading instead of 'Music', Loran suggested "The band has an element of folklore in its music and lyrics. Also, we represent a youth that is anti-racist and anti-fascist. We also represent the gathering of youths from all ethnic and racial backgrounds."

He added that it is imperative that racism and skinheads are not ignored because their movement is growing. "I find it sad that the skinheads really don't have much to say," he says. "They are just a bunch of trouble makers. I appeal to the youth not to develop laissez-faire attitudes because fascism is on the rise. We cannot let it grow any more; it is time to say No."

He related that in France, the anti-fascist movement is very strong, with

youths organizing into groups in many cities and towns. There is a group called SCALP, an acronym that stands for a reaction against the policies of LePen, a right-wing neo-fascist who secured a highly noticeable percentage of the popular vote during that country's last elections. Loran stressed that here in Quebec, the youth should also be aware of the skinheads and racism and that more people should join and support the Anti-Fascist League.

Berurier Noir have come to the forefront of the Francophone music scene across the ocean, inspiring other bands to break the ocean barrier to come and play here in Quebec. For Loran, however, the music scene in France has stagnated into a money-grubbing scheme with new bands being picked up quickly and polished for commercial entertainment. Most groups have ignored the political and social side of their integrity and have "sold out" in order to make money.

"There are no alternative groups in France anymore," he says. "Most of the groups nowadays are more interested in business." According to Loran, this change in attitude among French bands is one of the reasons Berurier Noir has decided to call it quits.

"It is very difficult to have a 'cultural revolution' in this atmosphere," he says. "We were not the originators of the alternative scene in France, but we helped explode some of the doors in order to bet some movement going." Unfortunately, the scene has degenerated into a state where managers possess the bands. "Berurier Noir is

against big managers that press groups for money and try to get them to compete for contracts and popularity," says Loran.

He says that the idea of "alternative music" has been bastardized: "Although on the radio we hear Michael Jackson, there are plenty of artists who are trying to create an alternative lifestyle. We wanted things to change and the squatting movement was a logical extension of the alternative lifestyle. In France, there are two million people who have nothing; no revenue, no homes, no rights, nothing. Therefore, the squats were a super alternative."

Loran insisted that what the youth want is an autonomous lifestyle that they can shape for themselves, and this is from where the alternative music scene has evolved. Thus, from the outset, Berurier Noir have supported the squatting movement, playing many of their first shows in the squats. "French politicians tried to outlaw the squatting movement that appealed to the youth in order to maintain control," he says. By endorsing the squatting movement, however, Les Berus showed that they were an expression of "la mode alternative" and that they related perfectly with the youth.

The band went out with a bang here in Quebec, playing in Rimouski, Jonquiere, Trois Rivières, Quebec City, and three shows in Montreal. Two of the shows were all-ages extravaganzas that showed, if nothing else, that Berurier Noir still hadn't lost touch with the youth that formed the base of their popularity.

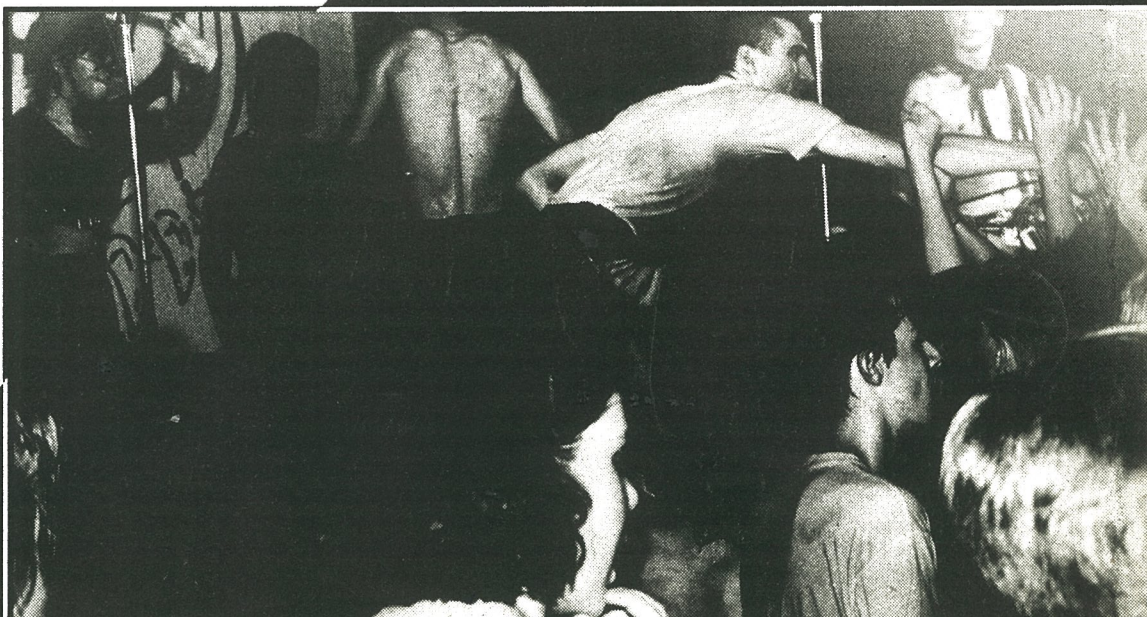


PHOTO: Susanne Elbrønd

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21. YCK Inc.
23. The Closing Inn Band
24. Red Tape
26. Guitar Warz
27. Jam Session
28. Knight
- MARCH
1. The Action
2. Still Smiling & Bare Bones
5. Guitar Warz
6. Jam Session
7. Medicine Men

PHOTO: Susanne Elbrønd

New York's 24-7 Spyz are one of an increasing number of bands who combine **Hendrix**-type hard rock with elements of funk, metal, and hardcore, among others. Their recent success was made quite obvious by the lavish deli trays, laminated backstage passes, and all the other things that are associated with big tours, including pain-in-the-ass-to-set-up-interviews... Okay so the band were not that enthusiastic about talking to us. I finally ended up with an extremely under-the-weather Rick Skatore, bass player for the Spyz. In all fairness he did make a valiant attempt at being interesting between coughing bouts.

RearGarde: Most people around here never heard of 24-7 Spyz until the release of your album. Why don't you start with a bit of background.

Rick Skator: It goes back to 1986, New York City, The Bronx. I was playing with Top 40 bands, that's what I did for a living. Then I met a guitarist named Jimmy Hazel, whom I'd heard a lot of good things about before (Jimmy walks in the room). He'd been doing the same kind of thing as me but was now starting his own band doing all original material. We then hooked up with Peter and Kindu, our original drummer, and just sat down and listened to each others music. What was so different about this band was that we each got to do our own thing. There was nobody telling me like, "you can't play with that funk bass line" or "you've got to use a pick when you play that", none of that. We spent a year getting our material together and then around the winter of '86 we started playing around the local clubs. There was this place in The Village called Kenny's Castaways where any band could go and play. If the crowd digs you it's like "yahhhhh!" if they don't "get the fuck out", we got a nice response though. Then we started putting up posters trying to get gigs at places like CBGBs and stuff. Pretty soon things started to happen. People were starting to hear about us on a "hardcore" level. Those were the people that got us going.

RearGarde: You mentioned that you each brought your own influences into the band...

Rick Skator: I was listening to all sorts of stuff, jazz fusion, stuff like **Weather Report**, **Stanley Clark**, old **Slade**. Anything that had a different feeling. Fusion was my main thing. Jimmy was into stuff like **Hendrix** and **Chuck Berry**. He has an incredible musical vocabulary. He's played on television commercials. Peter came from the reggae field...

RearGarde: So how then did you guys become associated with the CBGBs, New York Hardcore thing?

Rick Skator: We always got put on those kinds of bills. Our shows are not 'sit down with candles and glass of wine' type scene. We like moshing. I was going to see bands like **Bad Brains**, **Murphy's Law**, **Fishbone**, **Leeway** and I always thought to myself that those were the kinds of shows I'd like

to play. We got a few breaks playing at the bigger clubs like The Ritz opening

for people like **Jesse Johnson** playing for an all black crowd with like jerry curls and suits and shit. We just came to fuck off. I mean Jesse Johnson, he's from the **Prince** scene. We came out and we were throwing down hard, but they got into it.

RearGarde: You mentioned that it was an all black crowd and that you were well received, yet I read a comment that Jimmy (Hazel) made, saying that he thought it was too bad that when you go to a hardcore show inbetween bands they might be playing stuff like **Public Enemy** or **N.W.A.** but that if you go to a "black show"...

Rick Skator: They ain't gonna play no **Cro-Mags**. Yeah I know. That's just the way the music is broken up, who listens to what. I like all kinds of music...

RearGarde: But are you trying to get more black kids to come to your shows?

Rick Skator: It doesn't really matter who comes to our shows as long as they come. That's the main thing. I've always played for a mixture of people. I played at an Italian wedding once. I mean, try and picture that—an all-black band playing at Italian wedding. Obviously we had to come up with some stuff that would fit that kind of an audience. You have to come across like you want to satisfy the people as well as your-

self. When we created our music we didn't give a fuck who listened to it. I don't care if you're black, or white, or chinese, or you're a skinhead, or a nazi, or a fuckin' straight edge. We're going to play this music anyway.

RearGarde: So it doesn't bother you that there are black kids out there who might like 24-7 Spyz but don't go to your shows because of peer pressure, knowing that you don't play the stereotypical "black music"?

Rick Skator: (laughing) Well, ya know, that's his friends. I don't know. I mean if his friends tell him "Yo man

don't go see Spyz 'cause it's..." You cab't say it's hardcore, 'cause it ain't. You can't say it's funk. You can't say it's rock...

RearGarde: You never get that?

Rick Skator: Nah.

RearGarde: But **Living Color** are always whining about how people always ask them why they play the kind of music they do.

Rick Skator: I guess they whine about that because of the style of music that it is. It's very straight all the way through. It's very well defined. It's not so much that it's on a black side or a white side. It's an

A.O.R. (Album Oriented Rock) style that has been categorized.

RearGarde: What I'm talking about though is black and white stereotypes. Black bands are expected to play certain specific types of music, as are white bands. (I was never really able to get an answer to this one)

Rick Skator: Our music has a lot of different things that you can pick and choose from. A lot of grooves. If someone wants to stereotype us then more power to them.

RearGarde: What I'm saying is that 24-7 Spyz break the stereotype.

Rick Skator: Yeah. There are a lot of black bands out there playing the kind of stuff that we're playing. You just haven't heard of them yet.

RearGarde: So why haven't we heard of them.

Rick Skator: You will. There's a band from Holland called **Urban Dance Squad** that are incredible. They're a mix as far as races go, but the music... It's like the rapper sounds like **Public**



Enemy with a heavy **Red Hot Chili Peppers** kind of background, with a guy scatching at the same time. Then there's another band called **Follow For Now** it's like the **Bus Boys** on... I was going to say the **Bus Boys** on acid but they called us that shit at one time. The **Bus Boys** with fuckin' feel. It's like raw, hardcore. Then there's another band called **Tough Nuts**—heavy, heavy electric stuff.

RearGarde: You don't really seem to believe that there is any discrimination out there.

Rick Skator: Oh I know that there's discrimination but why dwell on it. If someone digs your music and they want to come out and see you show, they ain't gonna say like, "Oh, oh this sounds too close to the kind of music I'm not supposed to like".

RearGarde: You really believe that?

Rick Skator: Absolutely.

RearGarde: Are 24-7 Spyz involved

at all with Vernon Reid's **Black Rock Coalition**?

Rick Skator: (very firmly) No, no, no. Not at all.

RearGarde: You don't support it at all?

Rick Skator: (annoyed this time) No, no, none of that. That thing's just like all underground.

RearGarde: Well, with the attention that **Living Colour** are receiving it won't be underground for long. They're really pushing it hard.

Skator: They want everyone to believe that it's such a big thing... But ya know **Living Color** and us are two different people.

RearGarde: Are you guys on a tight schedule?

Rick Skator: Yeah, real tight. This is an eleven month tour.

RearGarde: How do you feel about having your tour manager telling you how long you can talk to certain people, and how much time you have to do this or that?

Rick Skator: It's kinda hectic because it's every day. Every day you gotta be doin' interviews and meeting people and this and that. You have to limit your time. I had a hard time dealing with it at first but now I understand.

There are a lot of things that go into a tour. There's a lot more than just playing music and having fun. It's a business. There's more business involved in this than I could ever have imagined. We want to take this further, ya know? We could be sayin' like "Oh no no I'm not doing an interview with this fanzine because they're too small" (what is it with people that make them think I write for some two-bit xeroxed 'zine) (must be something you wore—ed.). How are people going to know that 24-7 Spyz exist unless we talk to them.

RearGarde: Future plans?

Rick Skator: More touring. We're going to Europe for four weeks and then possibly to Japan in January. We got two more videos coming out. One for **Ballads Not Bullets** and **Grandma Dynamite**.

RearGarde: I've heard a lot of great things about your live show. I hope your being sick won't affect it too much.

Rick Skator: Nah, never. It'll be great. You'll have a great time...

Boy was he right.

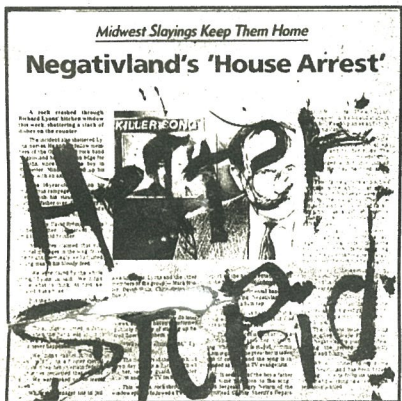
Interview conducted by John Coinner and Big Dude Moore.

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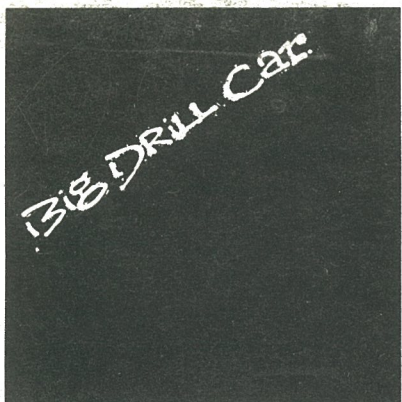
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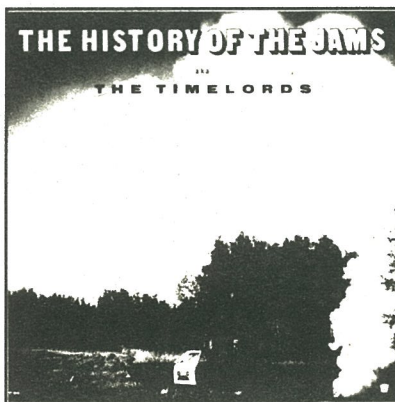
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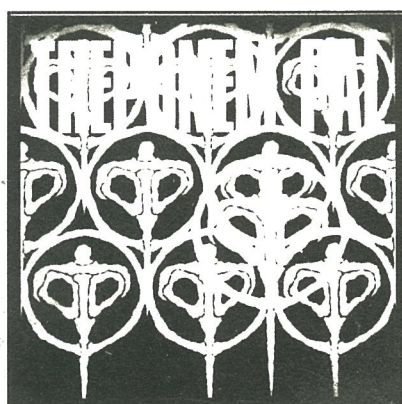
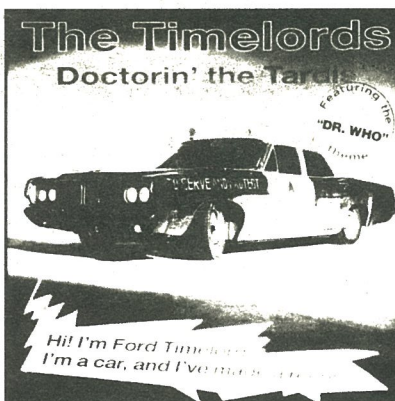
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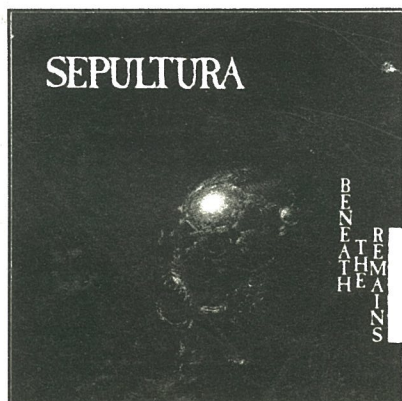


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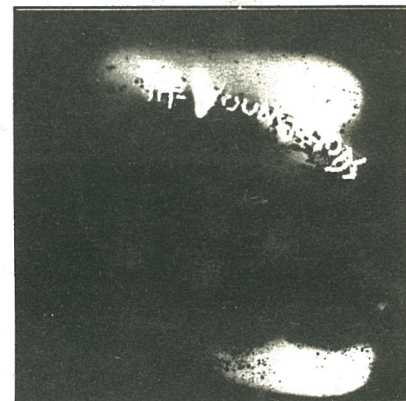
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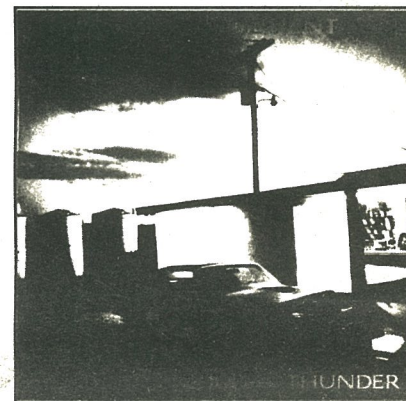


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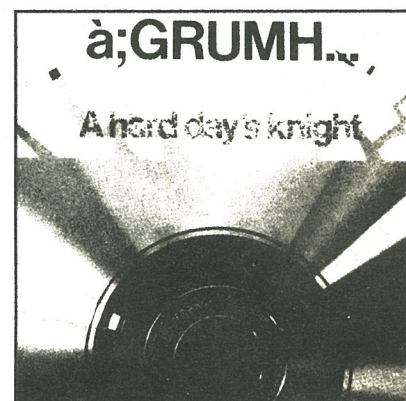
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